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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE absurd performance of the leaderless Socialists, who walked out of the House when the debate began, and the support given to the Government by Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Sir Alfred Mond ensured an overwhelming majority for the motion approving the Government's general policy in regard to Irak. Without minimizing this triumph, to which Mr. Baldwin's clear and earnest speech largely conduced, we are bound to remind the Government that a Parliamentary victory is one thing, the conversion of the general public quite another. There is much more to be done if the ordinary intelligent voter is to be made easy in mind about Irak; and, frankly, we doubt whether it can be done. It is not that he wishes to see this country careless of obligations towards the League of Nations. He fully understands that if Great Britain failed the League in respect of Irak, the authority of the League in matters more vital to us would be weakened and all our future actions would be suspect. But he does seriously question the necessity and wisdom of an extension of the mandate for a possible quarter of a century.

SETTLE WITH TURKEY

Twenty-five years is a maximum period, we are told over and over again. Certainly; but it must have been fixed on the reasoned presumption that Irak will not be fit to stand alone until something like that number of years has lapsed. Is this country truly bound by its duty to the League to undertake responsibility for so long a term? Is it capable, without grave detriment to other and more important obligations, of discharging that responsibility? These questions have not been quite fully answered. There is room, with reference to the first, for some suspicion that Mr. Amery would have been disappointed if the maximum had been put at five or ten or fifteen years. As for the second, we cannot be comforted by the suggestion that the military protection of Irak, were that country menaced, would be primarily the business of the League. It would be our job, a difficult and costly one. But, though the treaty itself will come before Parliament six months hence, it is already too late for recrimination. We can only urge the Government to arrive at a friendly settlement with Turkey. Slight modification of the Mosul frontier, the Kurdish question, and privileges in regard to oil offer the

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wherewithal to bargain. Either that bargain must be struck or two divisions of British troops earmarked for use in Irak.

THE PREMIER VINDICATED

One thing Mr. Baldwin's speech on Irak did which was worth doing, it blew to smithereens the whole case on which the Press Gang campaign against him was based. The Gang have been saying for weeks that he gave in 1923 a definite pledge not to prolong the British occupation of Irak beyond 1928. What are the facts? Mr. Baldwin gave no such pledge. What he did on that occasion was to read to the House a statement made by Sir Percy Cox; moreover he read it in full, not in the curtailed form quoted against him by the Press Gang, who have carefully omitted the paragraph which went on to say: "Nothing in the Protocol shall prevent a fresh agreement from being concluded with a view to regulating the subsequent relations between the high contracting parties, and negotiations for that object shall be entered into before the expiration of the above period." It gives us all the more pleasure to report this exposure of the attempt to find the Prime Minister guilty of bad faith because we are opposed no less than his unscrupulous accusers to the Government's policy in Irak.

THE GOVERNMENT'S HOUSING MOVE

Warm congratulations are due to the Government on the bold decision to meet, by its own efforts, part of the shocking deficiency of houses in Scotland, due in the main to the obstinacy of the workers in the building industry, but also, perhaps, to the incompetence of local authorities. Interest, of course, centres on that part of the programme which is to be carried out by workers not engaged in the ordinary building industry. The employment of these on the erection of steel houses is a courageous challenge to the Labour extremists. But there is no wanton provocation in the Government's policy; it may even be held that there has been too much patience. What remains to be seen is whether the application of more or less unskilled effort to the erection of steel houses will result in dwellings which the people appreciate. A favourable popular verdict on the houses would be the beginning of the end of housing troubles in Scotland, and elsewhere also. There are prejudices to overcome; there will be agitation by the chagrined Labour extremists; but the prospects are good. Bluster will hardly translate itself into a strike against the Government.

THE RECONSIDERED CIRCULAR

Circular 1371, after attaining great notoriety, has virtually disappeared from the category of hotly debated questions, after a debate in which Lord Eustace Percy showed that he was not disposed to fight for more than its principle and to which Mr. Duff Cooper made a notable contribution. The issue was very lucidly stated in these pages last week by so high an authority as Sir Robert Blair, and we deal with the whole subject in a leading article. All we have to say here is that, despite the faults of the Circular, we are glad to see a Conservative Government ready to

tackle expenditure on education. To all progressives, there is something sacred about the very word education. There is nothing that they would not acquiesce in, under its hypnotic influence. Well, the Circular, though at the price of a very considerable and perfectly justified commotion, has at least shown that the Government is not afraid to lay its hand on educational outlay with an inquiry whether State contribution to it is not capable of modification in the interests of increased efficiency.

TO CANADA FOR £3

Holding the opinions we hold about the importance of emigration as a means of relieving distress in this country and of promoting the development of the Empire, we must rejoice at the bold reduction of emigrant fares to Canada to the minimum of £3. Canada is the more in need of agricultural settlers because she has just discovered that her new variety of wheat, ripening nearly a fortnight earlier than the other kinds, can be grown much farther north; and Canada insists, quite rightly from her point of view, that three-fourths of the emigrants shall be agriculturists. But even so the relief to British congestion should be very appreciable. It remains now for the other Dominions, which have the matter under consideration, to introduce cheap passages to their shores. But the Mother Country has also her duty in regard to emigration. We must press for more emigration, and in particular for group emigration and child emigration. Without the last, relief must be too largely at the cost of labour which will be needed here when an agricultural revival can be initiated.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL TRADE UNIONISM

Will nothing bring home to the present leaders of British Trade Unionism the fact that their solicitude for the Bolsheviks arouses extreme mistrust among Continental Trade Unionists, and the probability that a continuance of their present policy will result in the complete isolation of British Labour? The Germans have been much disquieted by the conference which the British delegates, after their defeat at Amsterdam, held in Berlin with the Russians. To allay the feelings aroused by that exchange of views in Berlin, the General Secretary of the British Trades Union Council, Mr. Citrine, has obligingly given an interview to the London correspondent of *Vorwärts*; but the only result is dry comment by that paper on the inadequacy of excellent intentions as an excuse for the British attempt to get Russia unconditionally into the Amsterdam International. Except to a certain extent in the nobbled Scandinavian countries, there is in all Europe no sort of sympathy with the crazy British Labour attitude towards the Russians. Yet our Trade Union leaders persist in trying to place those venomous Communists where they would at once begin to Bolshevize all European Labour movements.

A DISGRACE TO JOURNALISM

The insolence of some of those who, for years past, have been taunting the Poet Laureate with his silence has culminated in the vulgar outburst against him on his breaking that silence. In one

paper could be read last Sunday, under coarsely derisive headlines, a demand that Mr. Robert Bridges should resign from a position he was making supremely ridiculous by a combination of silliness and pedantry. Now, there is only one attitude for the critic towards a writer who has once proved himself an artist—an attitude of respect. That writer may turn aside into strange ways, he may produce work that is morally or aesthetically disconcerting; it is for the critic to remember with what manner of man he is dealing, and to reflect on the possibility that he himself may be wrong. Probably 90 per cent. of those who read Mr. Bridges prefer the art of the exquisite 'Shorter Poems' to that which, in the main, he now practises: they are at liberty to say so plainly; but no one has the right to fling abuse and insult at a rare poet, a great scholar, who has gone his proud, shy way these forty years and more, and who, never having sought the applause of the rabble, should be exempt from its hisses.

AN INTERESTING REPORT

The Annual Report (1924-25) of the Society for the Provision of Birth Control Clinics shows that in the last year it has gained ground and extended the sphere of its work. The headquarters of the Society, and the centre where most of the work has been done, is in Walworth, a poor and very congested part of London, which is saddled with much unemployment and where there is a considerable need for the lesson the Society has to teach. In 1923-1924 the total number of new cases seen was 1,880; in 1924-1925 it has risen to 2,069. It will be obvious that the aims, to which the Society has rigidly adhered, of confining its instruction to married women living in slums, has not been compatible with extensive self-advertisement. Unlike infant welfare centres this Society receives no support from the Government or from any public body, and depends on voluntary contributions which should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Harold Cox, 6 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.1.

A WYCHERLEY REVIVAL

The Restoration dramatists are allowed no rest in these days, and the good habit of occasional revivals is in danger of being overworked. The Phoenix Society gave Wycherley's comedy 'The Gentleman Dancing Master' on Sunday, and the performance reminded one of the brilliance and virility of Restoration comedy at its best and also of the perfunctory repetitions with which Wycherley could spoil a good beginning. There is one point of incontestable value about these revivals; they are a first-rate testing ground for players who are keen on their work. Miss Vera Lennox, for instance, is a young actress popular in musical comedy, but she had obviously worked extremely hard to fit herself to the particular play and the general style of classical comedy. Her playing in the principal part had taste, spirit, and the youthfulness that is essential, and she was more often hindered than helped by the company. Mr. Rupert Bruce, moreover, seems to be another actor with a future. Miss Jeans appeared merely to recite a new and delightful epilogue and prologue written by Mr. Ivor Brown, our Dramatic Critic.

LORD EUSTACE PERCY'S MISTAKE

IN this country the Education Office has never been regarded as a political prize; which, in view of our general estimate of education, need surprise no one. Education has never been a star department; it has rather been a stepping-stone for coming men or a respectable refuge for the second-rate. To them it usually proves a cul-de-sac, as would probably any other office. The promising young politician, on the other hand, taking it on his way to bigger things, does not as a rule stay there any longer than he can help. It is significant indeed that the department which has by far the most to do with the making of character and the general equipment of the English people for life does not strike ambitious politicians as having much in the way of possibilities. A foreigner or anyone who did not know us well might have thought that in the shaping of national education the ambitious young man would see the best possible chance of distinguishing himself and that the competition to get to the Education Office would be great indeed. Yet Lord Londonderry (not, of course, the present Peer) reigned there for many years and Lord Gainford for a considerable time, and the office was not able to contain the really able Robert Morant! It is almost incredible that no statesman, with the exception perhaps of John Gorst, has ever tried to make a big thing of the Education Office. How comes it that Mr. Churchill, who has served his time in nearly every office and, we are bound to admit, has left his mark or trail on nearly every one of them, never found the entrance to the Board of Education? Yet King Charles Street is not far from Downing Street. Surely this man of ambitions and imaginations could have made something to his advantage and to his credit out of the schools and universities of England. Was not there room in that department for a big policy and long views? Are not our children and our young men and maidens subject enough for several great orations in the grand style? But education is an unpopular business and Mr. Churchill turned away.

Is Lord Eustace Percy going to take the opportunity Mr. Churchill neglected? At first it certainly did look as if he had ideas that way. Here was a younger son of a great family, the bearer of a noble historic name, not without some experience of public life, whose future provoked much speculation in the inner circles of public life which matter much more in the early rounds of the game than public opinion. It is noted that this young man, who had served on the Education Committee of the London County Council with as much distinction as could be got from a few speeches in the full committee takes the Education Office. Whether this was of choice or from want of choice is nobody's business but Lord Eustace Percy's. At any rate he was not afraid of education and went there. In a very short time he breaks into song, and the charms and glories and the paramount importance of education are hymned on many platforms and at many prize-givings and on the innumerable other occasions provided by the eternal meetings of

teachers. Lord Eustace has certainly worked tremendously hard as a speaker: he has not neglected his chances. That there is danger in volubility we all know; probably none realizes it more acutely than some of the officials in the Board of Education. But at any rate Lord Eustace was not going to hide his light under a bushel, whether in private or in public. He has not allowed his department to be forgotten; and the Duchess of Atholl has rather more than seconded his efforts. The whole country knows now that there is a Board of Education. It is pretty evident that the President will not fail from want of courage. His will not be the ignominious end of Mr. Fisher, who with a prepared reception and flying send-off, with knowledge, experience and ability, having made a good start and shown that he knew what ought to be done, collapsed from sheer want of courage to go on. Better any amount of mistakes and rashness than that. Indiscretion is venial compared with cowardice. Lord Eustace will not end that way. Moreover he has already done something besides make speeches. The Teachers' Superannuation Act of this year is valuable, and makes a wise departure in providing a means of entry into the Government Superannuation Scheme for schools that take no grant of public money, which hitherto they had always been refused. But the President erred in our opinion in extending this admission to teachers in private schools. He is right to be independent, but expert advice should be given its full weight in expert matters.

Now comes Circular 1371. This very dry document, which few have read, makes a great sensation. So far so good. The Education Office gets into the limelight. An important change of policy, or more correctly of method, is announced; a change which we believe those who are capable of understanding it will regard as a distinct educational gain. Unfortunately it is stated in an aggressive, if not an offensive, form, and is associated with administrative action that must alarm every Local Education Authority and can hardly help putting education decisively back. At any rate the result, whatever explanation or modification the Board, or rather, we say advisedly, the President may make, is that the Government are now thought to be putting a stop on educational advance by arbitrarily cutting down supplies. In the general indignation the change of financial policy, which is the really important move, is likely to be almost overlooked. It is technical, and few that have not been actually engaged in educational administration could gauge its significance. *The Times*, for instance, gives a quite wrong impression in stating what it calls the "broad issue":

What are the ideal financial relations between the 317 local authorities and the Board of Education? Are the local authorities to do what they like, within the four corners of their powers, with the knowledge that the Board of Education, representing the taxpayer, will pay half the bill? Or is the Board of Education to approve the plans of the local authority and to fix a lump sum which it will pay annually as a grant-in-aid?

The arrangement by which the Government paid half the amount spent by the local authority by no means left the authority to "do what it liked." On the contrary, if the Board did not approve of an expenditure, notice was given that the Board

would not pay its half, with the result that local authorities were afraid to move before they had the Board's approval. The plan did not tend to extravagance, but did tend to put the local authority under the heel of the Board. A "block grant," on the other hand, will leave the authority a free hand within its financial means. "You can have so much," says the Board, "for so long. Spend it as you think fit; but if you want more you must take it out of your own pocket." That we believe to be a sound system, leaving the Board general control over educational policy and freedom to the local authority in matters of detail. Unfortunately Lord Eustace's scheme will not work out quite in this way because the grant is to be a minimum, not a maximum. If this is so, obviously every local authority will try to get more and will persuade the Board to make up or assist to make up deficits. This will knock the bottom out of the whole scheme. The Board, knowing that authorities will come to it for more, will insist on having a voice in details of expenditure, and the authority's freedom will be gone. This is what happens as between the L.C.C. and polytechnics and "aided schools," to which it contributes a block grant settled triennially. The "aided" governors spend more than the grant and come begging to the County Council, which scolds and pays the difference, and henceforth interferes drastically in the governors' affairs. The object of the block grant system is defeated.

If Lord Eustace wants his new plan to succeed he must make the block grant a maximum. Let him do that and fix the grant at not a little less but rather more than the grant payable in 1924-25, postponing the operation of the new plan for, say, three years. Let him leave alone the question of the attendance of children under five and be very careful what he does with training colleges. They present a very difficult problem which no sensible man will think he can decide straight off unless he is very ignorant of the subject.

The President's block grant scheme is right in principle; but hopelessly mixed up with what is wrong. The right thing for him to do is frankly to withdraw 1371 and issue a new circular. Will he have the courage to do it? Real courage will certainly be demanded, for a small man might easily think that in withdrawing the circular he would be showing weakness whereas he would be showing strength. We shall now see whether Lord Eustace is obstinate or strong.

This is certainly the crisis of his career and might very easily become a crisis for the Government. In frightening the ratepayer the Government touch a very sensitive conservative organ, which responds quickly whether to pleasure or to pain. The debate in the Commons showed plainly that those of the Government's supporters who take an interest in education are against the circular. Men of marked promise like Mr. Duff Cooper did not try to conceal their misgivings. The Prime Minister ought to have taken part in this debate, which was not just a particular affair of Lord Eustace Percy's. The concessions made at the conference following on this debate are not enough. If the Government persisted in the stiff-necked attitude shown in the debate, they would have a very unpleasant awakening.

A WORD IN SEASON

BY JAMES AGATE

ONLOOKERS see most of the game, and only that person who cannot by any possibility be suspected of being a rival has the right to interfere with any man's conduct of his own business. I imagine that one jockey would very much resent being told by another that he had ridden a bad race, but that he would listen with interest to what a bishop might say about it. Or that a divine who would brook no interference from one of his own cloth might pay attention to a grocer who should tell him why his sermons fail to take the general ear. If some other dramatic critic were to come forward with a hint as to how I might make criticism more nearly approach to fairness and entertainment I should probably tell him to run away and play. But if somebody who should know nothing whatever about the drama—say a fashionable actor—were to proffer advice I should be all ears and attention. It is only because I know nothing at all about advertising that I embolden myself to offer a few seasonable hints to advertisers.

Just let me say, first, that it is no good kicking against the enormous vogue which advertisement now enjoys all over the world. Whether "publicity" is a good or evil thing the fact remains that it has come to stay and that we must make the best of it. The whole essence of advertising is to say something so often that you end by believing it. As a small boy I was allowed to go to the pantomime once, and once only, during each Christmas holiday. There were two theatres in the town, each of which produced a pantomime, and the matter of choice was one calling for the most serious consideration. And always I decided in accordance with what the advertisement columns had to say. The Prince's Theatre simply informed me that every day 'Dick Whittington' would be performed at 2 and 7. Whereas the Theatre Royal put the matter quite differently. This theatre would announce:

ALADDIN

Gorgeous Scenery.	Enormous Success.	Funniest Ever.
Gorgeous Scenery.	Enormous Success.	Funniest Ever.
Gorgeous Scenery.	Enormous Success.	Funniest Ever.
Gorgeous Scenery.	Enormous Success.	Funniest Ever.
Gorgeous Scenery.	Enormous Success.	Funniest Ever.
Gorgeous Scenery.	Enormous Success.	Funniest Ever.

The reader can have little doubt which theatre secured my childish vote and my parents' money.

My first hint to our advertisers would be the general suggestion that they should use the English language with more discrimination. Picking up my paper the other day I saw an advertisement of something purporting to be an "Exclusive Manicure Set." Now what can the word "exclusive" mean in this connexion? Whom or what is it proposed to exclude? I humbly suggest that the word means nothing at all. Then there is another word which is constantly misused—the word "distinctive." How often do we see a notice by some enterprising tailor to the effect that he has secured and proposes to offer 10,000 distinctive suits of clothes? I would like to ask that tailor how any man can pretend to be distinct from his fellows when there are 9,999 other men

walking about the town each wearing a suit the exact counterpart of his own?

One day last week I stopped before a jeweller's window to admire a display which would convince the casual spectator that all that glitters is the purest gold. Examination of the prices, however, induced a feeling of scepticism. For example, there was a ring of blue stones sticking out of a card which bore the following inscription: "Dress Ring in Sapphires and Platinoid. Chaste. Only 9d." Now there can be no objection to anybody who should so desire wearing an ornament of three bits of coloured glass mounted in tin. Only why debase the good words sapphire and platinum? Why persistently mis-describe the thing you are trying to sell? I remember seeing in a tailor's shop in Paris a wax model of a young gentleman wearing a Norfolk jacket, trousers and peaked cap all made out of stiff, shiny, japanned leather. From the young gentleman's neck hung a placard bearing the words: "Costume for Bicycling." The only possible thing, it seemed to me, to which this atrocious garb might conceivably have been suited was deep-sea diving, and had I been a deep-sea diver I should doubtless have contemplated purchase. But the number of divers strolling down the rue Lafayette is probably small; hence the necessity to invent a preposterous tarradiddle.

But at this season of the year I have a special plea to make. It is that throughout Christmas week the sellers of patent medicines should allow us to forget the thousand and one ailments that the human body is heir to. I find it depressing to be unable to discover who yesterday was made First Minister of the French Republic without being reminded of Fullness after Meals, Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, the probability of Gravel and the proximity of Gout. You see, I am one of those people who sedulously read the newspaper from beginning to end, including the advertisements. Very often, indeed, I find that the advertisements make more enthralling reading than the news. I peruse with the liveliest sympathy that long account of the trials and sorrows of Mrs. Annie Witherspoon, the signalman's wife, of 14a Cemetery View, Kensal Green. The sufferings of Juliet and the ecstasies of Cleopatra are dull figments of the dramatist's invention in comparison with the tortures of one actually alive—one who suffered from ill-defined oppression and could get no sleep at night, was nervously apprehensive all day and a prey to appalling terrors whenever she managed to snatch a wink. Until—oh, blessed relief!—by the greatest good fortune, Annie's husband the signalman was told by the head porter at Slowcombe Junction of the marvellous way in which his wife obtained instant relief through using Professor Pennyquick's "Laxative Lollipops." But my feelings would not be harrowed at this season. Christmas is a time when every man should be allowed to possess his soul. Will Messieurs the Advertisers give us leave to pretend for seven days that the body we possess it in is sane and whole?

Though it is perfectly true that each of us is subject to his or her little ailment, and while we can feel nothing but gratitude towards those who wish to relieve us of it, I want seriously to suggest that for one week in the year we shall be

allowed to forget that ailment. Let it, then, be possible during these few days to refrain from gazing upon the picture of him whose kidneys are pinched by red-hot tweezers. Let us for one moment be oblivious of the features of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, and of all those sages who, despite their benevolence, bear so strong a family-likeness to the late Neil Cream. Let us eat, drink and be merry and until the New Year forget the very existence of Bicarbonate of Soda.

THE PRINCE OF EPICURES

BY T. EARLE WELBY

THE biographer of that estimable American novelist, the late W. D. Howells, described him as "apprehensive of beer" and as having in regard to solids "an imperfectly educated palate." The number of persons in this island who, at the sight of a glass of beer, could be said to feel, with Wordsworth's Margaret, their apprehensions come in crowds is not large, but the education of our palates continues imperfect, and partly for lack of teachers. The satisfaction with which an Englishman contemplates the literature of his language suddenly deserts him when he comes to that small department of it which deals with the pleasures of the table. Old English cookery books (alas, that I have to say it!) are better admired for the engaging oddity of their title-pages than read. 'The Forme of Curie,' dating from the reign of Richard II, has a certain antiquarian interest, and as much may be said of a few other books issued between its date and the date, 1631, of Gervaise Markham's 'The English Housewife.' The last-named work, as it seems to me, has often been taken too seriously. For reasons too technical to be set forth here, I suspect it of relating to the kitchen practice of a considerably earlier period, and I further suspect Markham of having neither consumed nor seen cooked some of the dishes he describes. Of the innumerable rehashes of Markham, with little changed but the title, it were tedious to speak. May's 'The Accomplisht Cook,' 1665, is on altogether a higher level, and perhaps deserved the compliment paid it by Louis XIV, who said the nation producing such a work had not much to learn from France. But cookery books are not precisely manuals of the pleasures of the table, and not even the piety with which a descendant must regard the often very agreeable 'Closet' of Sir Kenelm Digby shall detain me among English cookery books.

The English literature of gastronomy, properly so considered, hardly begins before the nineteenth century. The first shining name in it is that of Walker, who, and not only because he too was a magistrate, may be compared with Brillat-Savarin. But Walker, though eminently wise about the conditions of success in dining, and of real service in promoting simplification of the menu, had some deplorable notions about wine. He had got it into his head that a variety of wine at the one meal was wrong, and preached in favour of keeping to the selected single wine throughout. But, as every judge of these delights knows, there is

no wine that does not pall on the palate after, say, the third glass, and the white wines weary the palate even sooner, while some wines are enjoyable only at a particular stage of dinner. Abraham Hayward was probably a more widely experienced epicure than Walker, and he wrote better, though Walker's was no clumsy pen. Later, Sir Henry Thompson effected some very valuable reforms in public taste. But it is fair to remember that Walker had given the first impulse to reform, and that Thackeray had done a very great deal to destroy the prestige of the pompous old dinner. If Thackeray had only written a formal treatise, we might have had someone to pit on equal terms against Brillat-Savarin, but leaving only those admirable, casual papers of his, he missed his chance. Walker, Hayward and Thackeray together are a good team to play, but in the singles we are out of the contest. We might have recognized the fact earlier, and hastened to translate Brillat-Savarin fully and carefully for the benefit of the British public, but the first complete translation, so far as I am aware, did not appear till early in the 'eighties, more than half a century after the publication of the original, and it is only now, thanks to the enlightened zeal of a new publisher, Mr. Peter Davies, that we have an appropriately sumptuous edition.*

There were strong men before Agamemnon, and Mr. Arthur Machen, who now introduces Brillat-Savarin, might have done justice to Grimod de la Reynière, who remains grossly neglected in this country, but who was both a pioneer and an excellent writer. There have been in France many entertaining writers on gastronomy since Brillat-Savarin, not least among them Dumas père, whose exploits in the kitchen and at table are as lively reading as could be desired. But Brillat-Savarin remains in several respects the prince of writers on food and wine and the wise enjoyment of them. As there is only one treatise on prosody which continually entertains while it instructs, Banville's 'Petit Traité de la Poésie,' so there is but one guide to these uncloying pleasures which can be read and reread long after all its lessons have been assimilated. Vast changes have occurred in the kitchen and the dining-room; menus have been greatly simplified; service has wholly altered; but because Brillat-Savarin laid hold of eternal truths in their contemporary forms, he abides as the teacher whose wisdom can never be made of no avail by change in conditions. His profound conviction of the importance of his subject, issuing in such sayings as that which promotes the inventor of a new dish to the highest eminence among philanthropists; his grasp of general principles; his command of pertinent anecdote: these merits, and a style in which classical French is flavoured with racy phrases gathered from the people, make him the most persuasive and agreeable of the philosophers of the dinner-table. Posterity has the best of him; for it would seem, from what Dumas and others said, that he was not so happy in talk at the table as in writing about it.

NOTICE TO READERS

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

* 'The Physiology of Taste.' By Brillat-Savarin. Davies. 2 gns. net.

SINBAD THE SELLER A PANTOMIMIC FRAGMENT

BY IVOR BROWN

AUTHOR'S NOTE. Ever since I studied the classics I have been convinced that the best form of composition (for the author) is the fragment. Once acquire the liberty of the fragmentary method and there is no need to button up your episodes or even your sentences. You merely say anything that comes into your head and then stop short. Later on a kindly editor will scribble something about an unfortunate "lacuna" or a serious "hiatus" and all the blame will lie upon the head of some ancient copyist or compositor. At this time of the year the isle is full of noises; Cinderella's coach is being taken out of stable, its wheels unloiled these ten months, and countless pairs of pants, tights, thigh-boots, brokers' men, ugly sisters, and simultaneous dancers are being rescued from the dark haunts in which such hibernal creatures and creations are accustomed to aestivate. Accordingly the lure of pantomime is not to be resisted, and the spirit of Saturnalia at least suggests that one who is the slave of prose for fifty-one weeks in the year may be a monarch of verse in the fifty-second. But it is the privilege of monarchs to be abrupt. Hence my claim to the most ancient and classical right of being fragmentary. When my Muse is at a loss, my MSS. shall be lost also. That doctrine has both sufficed and exculpated the illustrious, and I confidently ask my readers' charity in substituting a particle in verse for an article in prose.

* * *

The Scene is a corridor in front of Castle Bunkum. Enter, amid menacing music, the DEMON ROT.

D. R.: I am the Demon Rot; upon these premises I toil and thrive, a very potent Nemesis For nations that half-educate their young, Training them only to use ear and tongue But not the brain. In oaf and guttersnipe I foster the young appetite for tripe; To stimulate and satisfy my trade is The tripeward instincts of suburban ladies. Tripeness is all. But, sorrowful to tell, I find my business is not going well. In truth the market's rather understocked. "The Curate's Fall or Devereux Defrocked" Was Grandpa's joy; and all those tender tales In which poor maidens captured titled males (First chased by temptor, in temptation chaste) Were framed for Mother's literary taste. A recent vogue for Eastern potentates Earned for their skilled creators special rates. The Lady Blanche in Abdul's loathly grip— That was the stuff—dishonour or the whip! While Sheikhs of Araby were selling best Some ancient failures could be newly dressed. "Chic Cissie" reappeared as "Cissie's Sheikh" And raised her sales one hundredfold a week. But now these lusty chiefs of Arab blood Are out of fashion and their name is mud. So troubles weigh me down; indeed I lack An heir to these inventions; some new hack Must speedily be found to satiate The crowd that presses hungry at my gate.

He slinks away as there enters a chorus of Library Ladies led by PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

Puss: Ah girls. Well met. What is it that we demand?

Chorus: Tripe. And yet again tripe.

Puss: Yes tripeward ho! And that reminds me of my Lascar in Madagascar. Who every eve among the jub-jub trees Sings to his English Rose in words like these.

(But you will never know the words, for here follows the first lacuna in MSS.)

After the song the LIBRARY LADIES disperse and the DEMON ROT comes out to meet PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

D. R.: Ah pretty maiden, what is it you seek?

Puss: I want my tripe supplied me every week.

D. R.: Are there no libraries about the town?

Puss: The libraries complain you let them down.

D. R.: I know. I fear our quality decays.

Puss: Ah for the vintage tripe of other days!

D. R.: My film department—surely that's all right.

Puss: I can't attend the pictures every night.

D. R.: Give me a lead. What do you maidens need?

Puss: Nay that we know not. But the books where bleed—

D. R.: Those noblest hearts, broken by ingrate lover?

Puss: Don't resurrect the Countess and the Shuvver.

D. R.: No, no. I'll give strict warning to my drudges

Puss: Séances now! I've quite a pash for Sludges.

D. R.: A good idea. Religion's looking up.

Puss: I take it daily with my breakfast-cup.

D. R.: The Press is always right. We have got souls.

Puss: When Squirter writes my heart burns like live coals.

D. R.: Squirter must come to me. (Sadly) He'll ask too much.

Puss: Well, cheap or dear, he's got the human touch.

D. R.: I'll do my best, my lady, to supply

The appetites of all your company.

Puss: Haste, then. For matter succulent make search

And do not leave poor Pussie in the lurch.

(They go out together.)

Enter two smart young fellows, SINBAD and BRILLIANTINI. They are well-dressed, but look hungry and they execute a simultaneous song and dance with a somewhat dismal alacrity. The song is as follows:

We're very great authors, without any market;
Six-cylinder genius, with nowhere to park it.
And we both of us come from good families too.
Now what are two clever young fellows to do?

The Law doesn't need us, despite manners specious;
We'd laugh like the deuce when the judge is facetious.
We're ready to travel by land or to roam a sea,
But no job awaits us, not even diplomacy.

The dear Foreign Office is packed with Our Betters,
In vain have we offered them Bolshevik letters.
Though he was at Eton—and I got a Blue,
We're two clever fellows with nothing to do.

Here the DEMON ROT returns.

D. R.: Two smart young fellows. What can be their game?

Brill: To earn a living is our simple aim.

D. R.: What is your business? What do you profess?

Sinbad: The views and vices of the old noblesse.

D. R.: Those charming people? Do you know them well?

Brill: We both have been inside the Ritz Hotel.

D. R.: This interview at least does not begin bad. Your names?

Sinbad: He's Brilliantini. I am Sinbad.

D. R.: Auspicious names! Could aught be better planned?

Here's Vice and Grease, approaching hand in hand.

How could the public such a pair resist?

This opportunity must not be missed.

Say, gentle sirs, your first-class education.

Enjoyed among the flower of the nation,

Has not proved fatal? You can use a pen?

Sinbad: We can indeed, though we are vagrom men.

D. R.: You'll not be fussy? All I want is deeds.

Simply to give the public what it needs.

Sinbad: Authentic revelations of the sweet

Yet bitter kisses known in Curzon Street;

How County Guys, with most unlucky stars,

Drive hellward in expensive motor-cars;

Is that the kind of subject that will fit?

D. R.: Superbly. And your friend can do his bit?

Brill: On coronets and epigrams and sin,

I mix them well. And when shall we begin?

D. R.: At any time. My fortunes are restored.

Sinbad: You're confident the public won't be bored?

D. R.: Bored, with a name like Sinbad on the cover?

Bored, when a Real Live Gentleman plays lover?

Bored, when it sees through your so potent glasses

The lower habits of the Upper Classes?

Bored, with Best People who become the Worst?

Dear sir, you do not know the kind of thirst That drives young ladies, who are fresh from college,

To seek in fiction more embracing knowledge.

Accept the wisdom of a knowing feller;

I know what's what and Sinbad is a seller:

With Brilliantini as his close ally

We'll load the bookstalls upward to the sky.

And now the ladies are returning hither,

Since elsewhere cheated of their daily dither.

See where they come, your future devotees,

And sources of prodigious royalties.

Enter PUSS-IN-BOOTS and the LIBRARY LADIES.

Puss: Faint, but pursuing, urged by hunger's lash, We ply the quest eternal for more trash.

Who are these strangers? Tell us, Master Rot,

Are these new authors, come to boil the pot?

D. R.: They are, my lady. Sinbad, this one's called.

Puss: Sinbad! By those sweet syllables enthralled I greet you, Sir, and hope to find in you Prince Charming, since you've brought Dandini, too.

Sinbad: He's Brilliantini, whose stylistic gloss

Will never leave his public at a loss

For rich cosmetic unctions. Aphorisms

Flow from his lips like fire from earth's abysses.

His sentences, so larded, oiled, and curled,

Will take his heroines across the world,

Slipping by continents, from mess to mess,

And slipping on with dogged downwardness.

Brill: Nay, Sinbad, you press compliment too far I do but hitch my writing to your star.

D. R.: To citizens play-going after dinner There's something sacrosanct about a sinner. If for the reader you can do as much The Great Heart of the People we shall touch.

Puss: Oh glorious vista! Jam and still more Jam, And that reminds me of old Amsterdam—

(As the LIBRARY LADIES have, in the meantime, got themselves into clogs, it is only too plain that old Amsterdam is to be remembered with musical honours. But the lacunæ here become so much bigger than what is left of the MSS. that most editors entirely despair of the text. And we do not blame them.)

ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICA

BY R. DE F. BOOMER

HAS England been infected with Americanosism? Is the annual tourist horde a germ carrier of contagious customs strange to this island? Why are American kinema films so constantly exhibited? Why does Lord Beaverbrook announce that one New York evening newspaper carries three times as much advertising as all the evening papers of London combined and urge London to go and do likewise? Why does Piccadilly Circus try to look like Broadway? Why does *Punch* joke about Americans with the same solemnity and regularity as about plumbers, Russian boots and bricklayers? Why does a tirade by ex-Ambassador Harvey create a mild monsoon among English editors who grudgingly admit that conditions are not as bad as English publicists have painted them during the past months? Why does every newspaper and review criticize or praise America and things American with continuous curiosity? As an American living in London I see this curiosity grow almost palpably from month to month. I hear my country fantastically discussed in the Underground, an endless topic over the tea-table, mentioned at every club. And I have been asking myself this question for a long time: Why this curiosity?

It is hardly reciprocated on our side. While in St. Louis lately I was asked where I lived. With pardonable pride I replied: "In London." "London, Missouri, I suppose; know the town well," was the answer. The American at home thinks of England scarcely at all. He is engrossed in local affairs. He may rush over for a summer's "vacation" and "do" London in a week. (When I see him coming I hasten in the opposite direction.) He views the Abbey, St. Paul's, the British Museum and the Tower with a devastating curiosity, hastens to Stratford-on-Avon, and dashes home. He carries no "complex" with him, he feels that he has seen an interesting exhibit which affects him no more vitally than the twenty-eight minutes he allotted to the British Museum. Why does he view England with detachment, and the Englishman view him and his country with horror, or amusement, or respect, but always with the most vital curiosity?

I would attempt an answer. England has been the seat of power for many decades. This country has an uncanny instinct to foresee, to weigh and appraise the forces that move the world. London deals in power more than any other city. Englishmen see the power which already exists and which is still latent in America. Strangely enough, the United States has not yet fully realized its own growing influence. The Englishman sees it much more clearly and it is this unfolding which holds his attention. But this is a small part of the story. England has recognized the power of Germany, or France, or Japan in the past, but never with the keenness with which the growth of America is now being watched. England subconsciously sees her own faults reflected in America, and is therefore at times a harsh and always an interested critic. Like certain distinguished Conservatives with sons active in the Labour Party, England is horrified at the cavortings of its offspring,

but cannot elude its parental responsibility. Our blood relationship was best expressed to me by a lad at the Docklands Settlement. He was a sailor before he went on the dole, and had been in New York, Buenos Aires and Yokohama. After asking me Babe Ruth's latest batting average, and who Dempsey was going to fight next, he proceeded to criticize America in his best Cockney. That New Yorkers spoke bad English, that we came into the war too late, that the debt settlement was unfair, and that prohibition was all wrong, were his indictments. "If it's as bad as all that," I said, "you must prefer Buenos Aires or Yokohama to New York." He replied without hesitancy, "Not at all. I prefer New York. They're our own people after all, aren't they?" Here is the vital fact. Half of our population is of English or Scotch origin. It is an inarticulate majority, for the larger the city the fewer people one finds of English or Scotch descent, and chiefly in the cities are those vociferous minorities, Irish and others, which delight in twisting the long-suffering lion's tail. But the United States is after all an ex-British colony—a prodigal son if you will—with British customs and institutions as the strongest force in its growth. Doubtless Englishmen will feel that our bad habits have been acquired after leaving the Imperial fold; but our faults are largely British, just as our assets are also British. For the Englishman to see his own faults reflected in us is natural, but he should realize their origin.

Englishmen see in America a people dollar mad. They see one of their own faults. Outside of the French I know none more calculating in their generosity, more persistent in their pursuit of the nimble nippence. It is done here with more calm perhaps, the madness is more aristocratically manifested, but it is there just the same. What more unctuous than a British company report which shows a profit or more bitterly recriminatory than one which shows a loss?

Our effervescent idioms and loud conversation are heard with dismay. An American in the cathedral calm of a club dining room is usually painfully conspicuous. He is accustomed to shout above the hubbub of rushing traffic and the rumbling "elevated." But his language has vitality and virility which are stimulating. Strangely enough, Australians and Canadians speak more like Americans than like Englishmen. May I go so far as to say that it is the way all Englishmen would like to talk if they dared? In spite of the Oxford manner I hear Americanisms constantly in London. It is their vividness and freshness which appeal. I find the Englishman hospitable and exceedingly emotional. He conceals his emotionalism under an almost rude shyness. His chief aim is never to intrude. He sees in Americans his own hospitality and emotionalism released from the ponderousness of the British social system. He criticizes. But it is his own nature asserting itself in a new land. After the last glass of port I have heard more intimate confessions from my English friends than I have ever heard in America. Perhaps prohibition has its advantages. If we had more port we might be insufferable.

A contemporary of yours recently resented the tone of moral superiority which is so common among many Americans. Another of our English traits. What greater assumption of moral superiority does one find than the Englishman abroad? Last winter at a Swiss hotel one of my English friends caustically criticized the activities of certain Swiss guests. "What can you expect? They're foreigners!" And yet we were in a Swiss hotel in Switzerland. There is also a bit of jealousy—not surprising, perhaps, and not unknown among members of the same family. England's industrial revolution set a new standard of production fifty years ago. America is following in the Mother Country's footsteps, and with a larger

internal field and better strategic position setting a new pace for large scale and cheap production. American finance has asserted itself. The day when the City's word was final to a prospective international borrower has passed. These are facts. They may not be pleasant, but recrimination does not change them. I recall a venerable old broker in the City informing me in all seriousness that the greatest disaster in history was Columbus's discovery of America.

We are living in a new world, and pre-war conditions can never return. England needs America just as America needs England. Talk of this country being done, of America receiving the sceptre from the nerveless hand of a dying Empire is sheer rubbish. England is strong in the things that count. Idle recriminations are useless. Closer understanding and facing of realities are needed. England has the power of experience and age, America the enthusiasm of youth and new resource. What more ideal conditions for a family partnership?

SKI-ING

BY "TOURNEBROCHE"

SINCE I wrote on this subject in the SATURDAY REVIEW exactly five years ago, ski-ing has progressed considerably, both in popularity and facilities; but in the Press assertions are still made about it which are not always exact—even ski-ing champions are sometimes culprits in this respect.

First, let me recapitulate some hints to beginners; they are based on an experience extending from the Arctic to the Southern Alps and from the Schwarzwald to the Carpathians. I recommend: (1) Practising for about half an hour on the roads—i.e., "on the flat"—with the use of ski-sticks as support. (2) Trying short, easy snow-slopes, sliding down and climbing up again *without* the aid of ski-sticks, no matter how many falls take place; then the tackling of longer and steeper slopes. (3) The assiduous practising of going downhill in long sweeping "S"-shaped curves, gradually, as confidence is gained, making the turns, where direction is changed, sharper and sharper. Hints (2) and (3) are designed to teach beginners the most important thing: control of the feet and the ski. If the true enjoyment of ski-ing is to be realized quickly, the sooner control is learnt the better. This is why I deprecate the use of sticks at first, because learners tend to rely on them instead of on their own limbs. As regards hint (3), only the most gradual slopes should at first be tackled.

The assiduous practise of "S" curves is the best way to learn the "Telemark turn." In many books on ski-ing whole pages are devoted to telling the novice which foot he should press on, etc. This is merely bewildering to the beginner; by my method he gradually and almost imperceptibly comes to do the right thing until one day he suddenly discovers that he has executed a "Telemark," which thereafter he finds he can do whenever he wishes. By this method in Scandinavia I once taught two Swedish girls who, inside a week, could telemark both ways. One thing, however, I have always insisted on: the learner must use ski at least eight or nine inches shorter than those he will use when some proficiency has been attained. When speaking of learners I am not limiting my remarks to youngsters; men and women approaching middle age should not despair of becoming fair, or even good, ski-runners. They may take courage from the fact that Professor Roget, of Geneva, never put on ski until he was forty-six years old, and yet since then he has become one of the chief authorities on high-mountain ski-ing in the Alps.

Nowadays from the Franco-Swiss frontier right away to Tyrol and beyond there are innumerable skiing centres to embarrass one's choice, but novices should, in my opinion, avoid Adelboden and Pontresina, and perhaps also Engelberg. Kitzbühel in eastern Tyrol is, or was, a beginners' paradise, with easy "nursery" slopes and a number of simple though charming runs down the Kitzbühler Horn. The frequently advertised St. Anton, at the eastern end of the Arlberg Tunnel, should be avoided, except by experienced ski-ers, for the neighbourhood is steep and subject to avalanches. For those, however, who can endure for more than one night the stifling heat of the Hospice, I can thoroughly recommend St. Christof, a tiny hamlet on the Arlberg Pass, some 1,500 feet above St. Anton. Within a few hundred yards of the Hospice there are a number of most excellent slopes on which to acquire the telemark turn and even the Kristiania—or should we now call the latter an "Oslo"! I would warn intending visitors, however, that this little place is above the tree line, and that there is nothing to do there apart from being boiled inside the Hospice or ski-ing outside.

All sorts of people lay down the law as to what to wear when ski-ing. It is much easier to say what should be avoided than what should be worn. Beginners should not wear outer garments of rough or knitted wool, for the snow clings, and repeated falls make the wearer damp; but when proficiency has been attained it is pleasant to "potter round" in a loose fitting jersey. I have covered a great deal of ground in the Alps and in northern Europe clad (to the consternation of the natives) as regards the upper part of my body, in an undervest and a cricket shirt only, when the weather was fine and there was no wind—naturally I carried a jersey and windproof coat in my *rucksack*. The average ski-er wears far too many clothes on the upper body, while to a large extent neglecting the lower limbs. A recent winner of the Kandahar Cup (Mürren), writing last year in a daily paper, declared that trousers were the best covering for the legs. This, I am afraid, is merely the self-assurance of extreme youth. The "regulation" Norsk costume consists, I know, of a blue coat and trousers of smooth material, but many famous Norsk and Swedish ski-runners—for instance Bergendahl, Kristoffersen, and the present world champion, Haug—have generally worn knickerbockers even when competing in championship meetings, such as at Holmenkollen and the Swedish "Nordiska Spelen." Personally I prefer puttees and knickerbockers, the latter fairly close-fitting but giving sufficient room to wear knee-socks, which protect the knee, a most exposed joint.

Another ski-ing champion, a lady, giving advice to beginners in a morning paper recently, stated that "the proper ski-ing boot must be worn or the ski will never stay on." To this I would reply that even before Mürren was open in winter I had, on ski, covered scores and scores of miles, climbed and descended thousands of feet of mountain, in just ordinary soft glacé-kid boots. I had always detested the hardness of the regulation boot, and in 1910 devised a special one with a *soft* "upper" which I found most comfortable. Amundssen devised a somewhat similar ski-boot for his dash to the South Pole.

THE KINEMA

THE FILM SOCIETY AGAIN

BY the production of 'Raskolnikov,' an adaptation of Dostoevsky's 'Crime and Punishment,' at the New Gallery Kinema on Sunday last the Film Society justified its existence. This is not to say that the film is perfect, or even that it is a satisfying

adaptation; but, allowing for all shortcomings, it is a serious effort to deal worthily with a great work of art. The attempt to translate a novel from its own medium into something else is seldom a complete success; when the essence of the book is psychological the difficulty is increased. This impressive picture was issued in Germany by the firm of Neumann in 1923, and has since been seen in most European countries. Among the usual long list of those responsible for its production, the scenario writer is not mentioned. Its two chief faults are that it is too episodic and that Sonia, who is the mainspring of the book, becomes on the screen but a shadowy creature. Grigor Chmara, the Christ in 'I.N.R.I.,' played Raskolnikov magnificently. The cast, composed entirely of actors of the Moscow Art Theatre, gave Mr. Chmara invaluable support. The lighting, architecture and photography were worthy of the director, Robert Wiene, who achieved a high position by the production of 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.' As an experiment the film was presented without either interval or music, and this undoubtedly added to its impressiveness.

The remainder of the programme included a resurrection—'Muggins, V.C.,' an impossible trifle, but interesting as showing the enormous improvement in technique attained since it was produced in 1911. Nothing is more remarkable than the quietness and repose of the film to-day as compared with its early predecessors. To the British Industrial and New Era Company was given the responsibility of representing English films, and it is pleasant to be able to record that their 'Secrets of Nature,' taken mainly at the Zoological Gardens, was both an artistic and a popular success.

Comte Etienne de Beaumont, of Paris, in some introductory remarks, appeared to attach more importance to his film, 'A quoi rêvent les jeunes films,' than it in reality possesses. Described as having no plot, it was a sort of hotch-potch of moving shapes, lights, and patterns. It had not the integrity or unity of the abstract film of Mr. Ruttmann, of Munich, shown by the Society at their first performance, which really did convey emotion. The French film wanders from the abstract to the concrete and back again, the introduction of human figures into work of this kind being a mistake. It had moments of rhythm here and there which were undoubtedly effective; but German films are still far ahead of either French or British. D. C.-H.

VERSE

BIRD NOTES

STARLINGS are thick in the orchard-top,
And what can be the matter?
They wildly shout, yet I've no doubt
It's only idle chatter.

Rooks are gone up to the lofty elm;
With sharp, insistent caws,
These legal-minded birds enact
Their inky rookland laws.

But robin takes a lower seat
Upon a straggling thorn;
Small tho' her throat, an angel note
Sings out that Christ is born.

W. FORCE STEAD.

THE NATIVITY IN ART

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE importance of subject in visual art is the nicest question in æsthetics. Modern opinion ranges between the ridiculous contention that it is of no importance whatever and the still more ridiculous contention that it is of the first importance. A sane but intelligent man may hold that it inspires and enriches the purely æsthetic qualities of a picture. To select any given subject and discuss various artistic versions of it is to cut across the primary artistic movements. Such a selection is arbitrary: yet it is not without value. Thus taking a section, as it were, one may study those primary artistic movements by contrast. The season suggests that we should choose 'The Nativity' for our experiment; the season, also, unfortunately, suggests the holiday spirit. Were I to undertake a complete study of all versions of 'The Nativity' there would be no holiday in my life, and no completion at my death. The experiment is arbitrary, and therefore my execution of it shall be arbitrary. I shall discuss a handful of examples, gathered almost at random.

But first a general consideration. The National Gallery is one of the most representative collections in the world and an analysis of its works dealing with the life of Christ is, therefore, of considerable value. We find that the most popular subjects are the Entombment, the Passion and the Nativity. There are twenty-eight examples of the first, thirty-five of the second and thirty-seven of the third. Of the Agony there are ten examples; of the Baptism five; of the Circumcision three; of the Presentation two; and of the Resurrection eight. These figures suggest a number of obvious conclusions, which space compels me to leave unstated. I may concern myself only with the Nativity, in which term I have included the Adoration of the Kings and the Adoration of the Shepherds. The incident of the birth of Christ has little human dramatic value and we must conclude that its popularity arose from a consideration of its immense religious significance. We must, in order to appreciate religious art to the full, enter into the spirit of Christianity: then we perceive the drama, the drama of an unheralded God:

Immensitie cloyster'd in thy deare wombe,
Now leaves his welbew'd imprisonment.
There he hath made himselfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inne no roome? . . .
Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faith's eyes, how he
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lye?

And yet the painters often enough have thrown away that drama; they do not show us where Christ "all meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies," but a king born in grandeur (though sometimes ruined, as in the Mabuse at the National), of a mother in jewels and brocade: it was not the human drama, but the significance that mattered to them. That significance the Flemings, for the most part, expressed in a material way, a matter of earthly pomp. Look at Rubens's magnificent 'Adoration' at Antwerp. The vigour, the grand sweeping composition of the whole, the splendid black king like a defiant Tamburlaine, the proud, curving necks of the camels, the proud Corinthian column. Or sometimes the Fleming would take you down a step, make his matter as earthly but less kingly. There is also at Antwerp an 'Adoration' by Jordaens, which, for all the aloof angels in the sky, is a very homely affair with its peasant woman offering Christ a dead goose, a live cock and a basket no doubt of eggs, and the St. Bernard dog, and the donkey and the cow, and the woman with a brass jar of milk on her head, just such a jar as they deliver milk in at Ghent to-day. But Breughel is perhaps

the master of humble Nativities. The National Gallery example is well known: there is another version at Antwerp. Here Christ is indeed born in a stable, and the crowds that have come to adore Him are of the common people, whom Breughel loved. And beyond the stable is a little Flemish village, where Breughel has naïvely made shift to put a monstrous elephant. A Flemish picture of rare spiritual value is Geertgen Tot Sint Jans's 'Nativity,' recently acquired by the National. The invention displayed is remarkable for its time. The Child radiates light, which falls on the faces of the Virgin and the angels in a Rembrandtesque manner, or like a candle-light picture by Wright of Derby. And the rest is darkness, except for the shepherds' fire on the hill beyond, and the angel hovering above, who, like the Christ, sheds her own light. Surely this pictures the stanza of Crashaw with remarkable fidelity:

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay.
The Babe looked up and showed His face;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

We pass, by a natural transition, to Rembrandt. His 'Adoration' at Munich is based on exactly the same invention, but worked out, of course, with a greater subtlety and force. It is a wonderful event, a thing happening to men and women of this earth. Rembrandt, too, is largely material, but his humanity is so intense that it becomes of itself a religion.

At Munich, also, are two notable German versions of the 'Nativity': Martin Schongauer's, restful, undramatic, homely; and Dürer's, formal, grotesque, dignified, a curious, paradoxical picture. The Infant lies on a bed of cherubs, and is not immediately distinguishable, the Virgin kneels up with a simple woman's pride, St. Joseph bends slightly towards the Child, but gazes in amazement at his wife. To right and to left, a quarter the height of the principal figures, kneel men and women, with their armorial shields beside them—a most paradoxical picture.

The Spaniards, for the most part, did not favour 'The Nativity': it was too simply joyous. Yet Goya did paint two versions, one of which, a fresco near Saragossa, has quite vanished, and the other, in the possession of Don Patrizio Lozano at Madrid, I have not seen. We have, at the National, the rather uninteresting Primitive, and the so-called Velazquez, a "human" picture, but more intense than any Fleming's work: the Passion is latent in its colour. Greco, of course, has treated the subject in his own manner, in a picture at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The Child lies in the centre, gleaming brilliantly; figures sway to right and left; an arch springs passionately above, to where three angels whirl; on the left a figure gesticulates wildly. Greco pictures the flame of Divinity, the glaring amazement of this "huge Birth."

The only English painter to whom one would look for a religious picture of first-class quality is, of course, Blake. He has treated 'The Nativity' in a tempera on copper, in the collection of Mr. Sydney Morse. The picture is in bad condition, but even in reproduction (which is all I have seen) it displays Blake's originality and mystical intensity. The Infant, as in the Rembrandt and Geertgen Tot Sint Jans, radiates the sole light of the picture. It floats with extended arms away from Mary, who has collapsed into the arms of Joseph, towards an old woman on the right who yearns towards it with outstretched arms. This is presumably St. Anne. Yet might not Blake signify by his picture the troublous birth of Christianity, and its welcome by a world old with materialism? And then, of course, there are the Italians, the greatest of all religious painters. But they must be left. Only by cutting them out have I made my material at all manageable.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

DEMOCRACY OR AUTOCRACY?

SIR,—A feature of the present age is the passion for grandiloquent phrases which when tested prove to be meaningless. Men and women thus drug themselves and the less these "slogans" are understood the more passionate is the enthusiasm they produce. In places where the unthinking abound such phrases as "dictatorship of the proletariat," "self-government," and the "class war" are chanted with monotonous and unpleasant regularity, although none of these possesses any practical meaning. The experiment in Russia has exploded the folly of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and as for self-government, it requires no great intelligence to realize that there never has been self-government and never will be, for the simple reason that it is impossible. Civilization is after all merely compromise, and until all men are born equal and with the same thoughts and aspirations government must consist of the rule of the many by the few. When even a trade union cannot be run on democratic principles, how can a great nation? Mr. J. H. Thomas makes the income of a capitalist, and for the very good reason that he is in his own particular line a man of genius. Other Labour leaders are equally fortunate because while born in humble circumstances they were endowed with brains and initiative, and their very eminence to-day must teach their followers that the word equality is a sentimental term with no practical application. And once that is admitted there is an end to democracy, as understood at the street corners.

There is, however, a little truth in the class war term, for the struggle for existence divides us all into classes, chiefly the successes and failures. But nowhere is the class war more fiercely fought than among the working-class people themselves. The bricklayer's lady looks down on the labourer's wife; the family with half a house patronizes that with two rooms; and the latter will scarcely acknowledge the existence of the one-roomed family.

It will be a better world when we face the facts of life, for only a very small minority can afford the luxury of self-delusion. It is easier to be familiar with the Prince of Wales than it is with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin is more approachable than Mr. Philip Snowden. I cast no reflection on anyone. It is simply a case of circumstances and upbringing. The Prince of Wales and Mr. Baldwin feel sure of their position; the two Labour leaders I have mentioned, having raised themselves from nothing, cannot quite forget their dignity.

In my opinion the weakness of the Labour Party lies in the fact that it is too political and that all its objects are political. If it adopted a non-political policy of Social Reform—I do not mean the cant political shibboleth of the same name—it might become the strongest party in the country. But Mr. MacDonald and company are not interested in slums or hospitals—except, of course, in their individual capacities as humane and sensible persons—but in the welfare of their own followers, secret diplomacy, fewer battleships and all the rigmarole of nonsense which provides the *clichés* of politics.

What astonishes me is that a man of Mr. MacDonald's intellectual gifts should not try to educate his followers. If he did he would start by telling them not to make fools of themselves by mouthing meaningless terms, such as I have quoted at the beginning of this letter. He would tell them also that all movements must have leaders and that the more successful the leader the more autocratic must be his powers. He would show them why it is that self-government is impossible, and he would confess that a democratic government can be much more costly and even more dangerous than an autocracy. Clear-thinking and plain speaking are the chief requirements of public life to-day, and we might succeed in getting them if no one was allowed to hurl phrases which he did not understand at the public. The mind of the average "advanced" republican is illustrated by what happened in Portugal when the assassination of King Carlos and the Crown Prince was followed by the establishment of a republic. A peasantry brought up on street-corner oratory hailed the new order of things with delight, for it had been taught that the cause of all its troubles was the royal family. When, therefore, the tax-collectors appeared on the scene the peasants treated them as impostors, and when their identity was established gasped in amazement.

There is no place in the world where the liberty of the subject is more respected than in England; even democratic France or America do not rival us in this respect. For a republic means confusion and the opposing opinions of a selfish bureaucracy. And if there is one lesson to be derived from history it is this, that there is no tyranny like the tyranny of the uneducated.

I am, etc.,

CHARLES KINGSTON

Esher

AMERICA ALONE

SIR,—If your correspondent "Aunt Bragg" will carefully read my words she will note that I said that "Germany's foes could hold their own and finally win out." Not that America could hold her own and finally win out. All honour to the war-worn and battle-scarred veterans who, shoulder to shoulder, had borne the burden and heat of their struggle. This does not invalidate the fact that but for America, and her alone, the result would have been a stalemate, or worse, for the Allies.

Again she misinterprets my article and the spirit of it, when she criticizes me for not giving credit for the other stages of the conflict to others. America certainly disclaims "the whole credit" of starting the war (the first pull), and the "whole credit" for failing to win the war (the second pull). Indeed, America claims no credit at all for either one of these "desired ends." I thought my article made that plain. All honour to whom honour is due—we are not claiming any small share of these honours. The field is yours, unopposed.

Our claim, and one which "Aunt Bragg" by her simile fails to credit, is that the hand that made the last and final satisfactory pull was not the one that made the other two. No matter: the kindly Editor let us have our say—she has had hers, and let the public judge whether her simile or my wording is nearer the real truth.

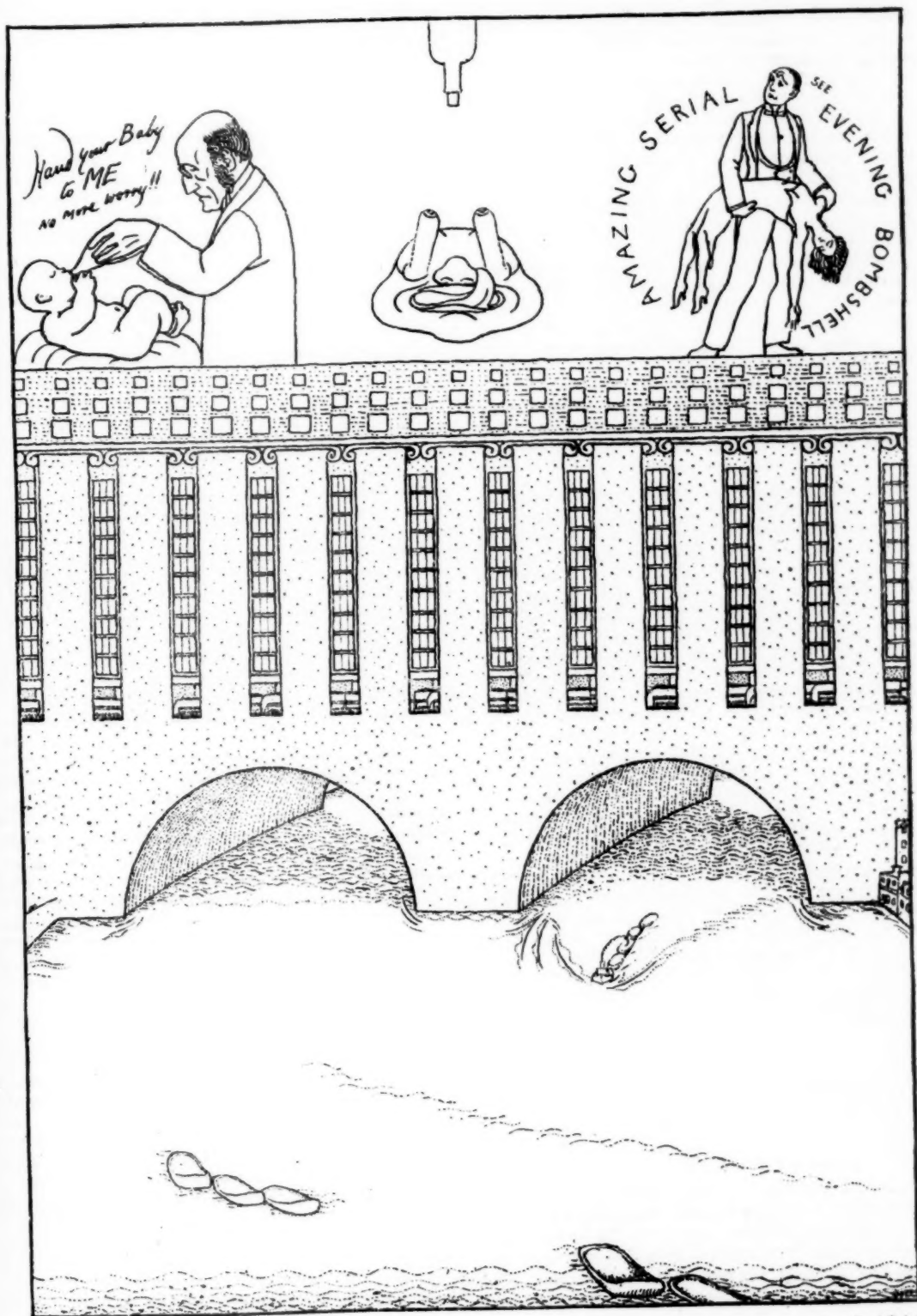
I am, etc.,

JOHN C. SILLIMAN

1160 Bryant Street, Palo Alto, California

RIMA AND OTHERS.

SIR,—Many of the reasons brought forward in the agitation for the removal of Mr. Epstein's "Rima" panel from Hyde Park appear to me to be beside the point. What is the use of saying that this Hudson memorial is not beautiful and therefore should be re-



Dramatis Personae. No. 183.

By 'Quiz.'

A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE MORE IN HARMONY WITH MODERN METHODS

moved? What is beauty? During one of those denunciatory meetings about the Epstein panel that Mr. Homerville Hague, the painter, used to hold in the summer just by the enclosure railings, he declared he wanted "beauty." When I asked him what he meant by beauty he seemed rather nonplussed, which is not surprising when one considers that the great philosophers have agreed to differ about a definition. And further, what has "beauty" to do with art? Rodin's figure of a nude old woman of seventy is a wonderful piece of work, but would the average person who raves about the beauty of a stage "star" call this piece of sculpture beautiful?

The panel might, I think, have rightly been attacked on the ground that the sculpture is not of our day and era but after a much earlier manner; few, if any, however, of its critics have tackled it on these lines. Personally in spite of the somewhat uninteresting expanse of abdomen in the main figure I regard the panel as having pattern and being decorative, and as distinctly embodying the feeling of motion. Some of the panel's defenders have pointed out that it is in a secluded spot so that few people need see it unless they specially want to. But if there is anything in such an argument, what about those statues and other sculptural monuments that crowds of people pass regularly without taking any heed?

Tens of thousands of people every day pass close to the finest British statue in Great Britain—indeed one of the finest in Europe—but how many of those thousands see it, and of those seeing it how many notice it or know anything about it? The statue stands in Trafalgar Square, London, and I do not refer to Le Soeur's equestrian monument of "Charles I," but to Sir Hamo Thornycroft's "General Gordon." It is badly placed, overshadowed as it is completely by the Nelson Column, but unlike so many London statues it has repose and composition, dignity and silhouette.

Some three years ago in a discussion about London statues with a friend—a well-known sculptor of the "modern" school, but English to the soles of his feet—the latter was eulogizing the "King Charles" when I said, "Quite so; but what about Thornycroft's 'Gordon' close to it?" He had to admit that it was very good, and then added: "So is Thornycroft's 'Cromwell' by Westminster Hall." This is a tremendous admission to have come from one who has seldom anything good to say about the average Royal Academician and whose admiration is generally reserved for the modern sculptors just across the Channel. We have lecturers in the National Gallery going the rounds; one might be detailed off every now and then to instruct the public in the merits and demerits of London sculpture.

I am, etc.,
"TOURNEBROCHE"

P.S.—Since this was written I have read with regret of Sir Hamo's death.

PLOTS FROM REAL LIFE

SIR,—With reference to the third paragraph of 'Pedlar's Pack' in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW (plots for novels), I have not seen the stories to which "Tallyman" refers, but from his summary of the plot it is fairly evident that both stories are founded on the 'Bravo Case,' a legal mystery of the year 1876. It is mentioned in many books on crime, and you will find a very clear account of it, and Sir Harry Poland's comments (he appeared for the Treasury), on p. 131 of 'Seventy-two Years at the Bar,' by E. Bowen-Rowlands.

I am, etc.,
D. H. STEWART,
(Brig.-Gen.)

Four Relect, High Garrett, Braintree

REVIEWS

SYNDICATED HISTORY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Cambridge Ancient History. Vol. III. The Assyrian Empire. Cambridge University Press. 35s. net.

THE third volume of the Cambridge Ancient History shares the advantages and disadvantages of all works compiled according to this system, of the Cambridge Medieval History, also now in course of publication, and of the Cambridge Modern History, which was completed several years ago. The method makes it possible to allot each subject to the scholar who knows most about it, and so we have here, in the measure at any rate of the success achieved by the editors, the best possible information as to the results of modern research. On the other hand, it forbids unity of treatment. Each volume becomes a series of individual monographs all bound between the same covers. It is not, and cannot be, a comprehensive and single history of the Western world. The Western world has been taken to pieces and, though each is treated by an expert, the result continues to be a collection of parts not assembled into a whole. And inevitably something escapes of what is most important in the study of history, the interaction of different factors and different types of civilization. The method excludes too what can be achieved by the individual historian (though he does not always do so), the keeping in the reader's mind a perpetual sense of chronology, so that he does not unconsciously imagine Greeks, Assyrians or Egyptians to have lived each in a little time-system of their own.

The truth is unfortunately that the individual historian is disappearing, is being replaced on the one side by specializing scholars and on the other by the journalist of genius (such as Mr. Wells), who absorbs and digests the results of these scholars. No doubt Mr. Sidney Smith, who has written here the five chapters on the Assyrian Empire, could have written also an account of the Hittites, but not with a degree of learning equal to that possessed by Dr. D. G. Hogarth, who therefore takes up the pen at this point.

The development is, of course, inevitable, but it is just as inevitable that we should for a moment bewail it. Another huge province has been closed to literature: we are not likely to have any more Gibbons. Ranke (it was said) turned history into a science, and this is the result. We know much more, almost inconceivably more, than we did, but for the ordinary educated reader it is not so easy or so pleasant to find out what we do know. Time was when physical science could be presented to him in a manner he could both understand and enjoy. That has passed. Modern science is presented to him in books which are heavily larded with mathematical symbols, with connecting passages which, even if he had any hope of understanding them, would repel him by the jargon they employ. No doubt physical science has acquired a new and exciting beauty in exchange for her old simplicity: there are those who evidently derive from the consideration of Einstein's theories an exhilaration comparable with that communicated by great literature. But it is a joy for the specialist only: the man of general culture is shut out, as he was not even so recently as the days of Faraday.

And history has undergone a similar transformation. Ranke contrived to be readable. Acton, crushed by the claims of scientific history into producing almost nothing at all, but when he did produce anything, it allowed itself to be read. Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan still holds up the banner of his great relative and demands (and himself writes) histories that shall be really books. But, and of course most conspicuously in the obscure disputed annals of the ancient

world, the results of modern historical research are presented in this manner:

Khilakku was bordered on the north and east by the lands of the Kashkai; to the east of Tabal lay Melid. Dadilu of the Kashkai, and Sulumal of Melid had recognized the suzerainty of Tiglath-Pileser III by paying tribute. Dadilu was succeeded by Gunzinanu of Kammanu (i.e., Comana), as the southern portion of the land of the Kashkai was named, and Sulumal by Tarkhunazi of Melid. In the early years of his reign, perhaps in 718, Sargon had cause to expel Gunzinanu from Kammanu, probably because he refused tribute, and in pursuance of his earlier policy of maintaining tributary princes, handed Kammanu over to Tarkhunazi of Meliddu.

This, which I have not made up, but quoted, is in its way magnificent, but it is not literature. I intend no remonstrance with Mr. Sidney Smith, from whom I have quoted it, for writing thus. It would be absurd in me if I did, for he is not writing to please me. Indeed, as I conceive it, he is not writing to please anyone, any more than Sir William Rutherford hopes to attract a particular audience by his investigations into the structure of the atom. And, further, he is not, in the sense in which I have been using the word, writing at all: he is setting down his facts as the physicist sets down his equation.

It is perhaps a little unfair to go for an example to the history of Assyria, which is not rich in human interest. The heroes and villains whose names and deeds are inscribed on stone or brick cannot be made into personalities, and it would not be easy to infuse more warmth into the name of Tiglath-Pileser III than into $x^2 + y^2$. The real persons of ancient history appear elsewhere and later, with the Jews and the Greeks; and in this connexion it may be observed that Dr. S. A. Cook's chapters on Israel and Judah and the Prophets make excellent reading. But even here the man of ordinary culture must pick out what he can assimilate from much that means nothing to him.

History as we used to know it, then, is gone; and the general reader must learn at second-hand from the popularizer who knows how to make use of the discoveries of the scholars. Unfortunately, the popularizer has a way of being brilliantly unsound. Even Mr. Wells did not escape that suspicion, though his facts were remarkably accurate and he was impugned only in matters of opinion (for example, the characters of Cæsar and Napoleon) where his readers should have been able to check him. But we must resign ourselves to the fact that there will be no more Gibbons: a new link has been introduced between the producer and the consumer.

But the new history, if not so intelligible as the old, is at least impressive, and I must not close without a word on the great enterprise of which this volume is a part. The Cambridge Modern History has had its detractors and has here and there deserved severe criticism. The same is equally true of the Ancient and Medieval Histories. But, when we consider the scope of these works, we must admit that they cover the ground admirably. When the three parts are all completed, it will certainly be found that some of the earliest written portions are already out of date. But it will be a long time before anyone in this country attempts to supersede on any similar plan this majestic repository of knowledge, which will be an achievement worthy of a great University.

A SENSITIVE CRITIC

Critical Essays. By Osbert Burdett. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. BURDETT, who is already widely known as the author of a good book on 'The Beardsley Period,' and more narrowly appreciated as the author of a still better work, giving convincing proof of critical acumen in its title, on 'The Idea'—not, as your superficial critic would have said, 'The Ideas'!—of Coventry Patmore, here offers us a very varied collection of essays. There are just two objections

which a reasonable reader might raise to the volume: the objection that it is somewhat slight as a first gathering of its writer's miscellaneous criticism, and the objection that the pieces composing it appear to have been addressed to audiences on somewhat different levels of literary sophistication. But that Mr. Burdett is a true critic this volume proves over and over again. In the first place, it reveals its author's anxiety to exhibit the qualities of the artists with whom he is dealing, and not merely his own cleverness. The world is cumbered with criticism which, using its nominal subject as a pretext for more or less ingenious disquisitions on the period in which the work of art supposed to be under consideration was produced, or on what has been thought of it, never gets to grips with that subject, never risks flat contradiction by a definite attack on the core of the matter; and it is a relief to find a writer who, having opinions, is prepared to stand or fall by them. Then, Mr. Burdett has thought out for himself, and can state lucidly, an answer to certain fundamental questions of technique. Indeed, we are tempted to say that the most valuable part of his book, which covers a wide range of subjects, from Nathaniel Hawthorne to the Passion Play, from Peacock to Mr. Charles Chaplin, is that which treats of the prime conditions of literary production.

In truth, we should say so, if it were not for certain paragraphs in the essay on 'Shelley the Dramatist,' paragraphs in which there is instituted an extremely novel and suggestive comparison between the radical idea of 'Prometheus Unbound' and that of 'The Cenci.' Boldly facing the capital difficulty of the great tragedy, Mr. Burdett asks us whether Count Cenci, so incredible as a man, is not credible as the embodiment of social evil, whether he was not, perhaps not quite consciously, designed as the mundane counterpart of Jove in the 'Prometheus Unbound.' "Count Cenci," says Mr. Burdett, in the profoundest passage of an essay that goes to the root of the matter, "Count Cenci, once recognized for the antagonist he really is, becomes rather a fatherland than a father, and such human abstractions commit at times atrocities on their children for which incest is almost a literal description."

Nothing else in the book has quite the value of this penetrating inquiry into the secret intentions of Shelley. But we must not leave the impression that Mr. Burdett has nothing but pure criticism to offer the reader. The paper on the Passion Play is an excellent piece of descriptive writing, and the sketch of Oscar Browning, though probably too kindly, is a vivid impression of a personality more easily caricatured than depicted with critical sympathy. There are brave and true sentences in the paper entitled 'Litteræ Humaniores,' in defence of literary frankness, and there is something of the anti-democratic courage becoming a critic of Coventry Patmore in the challenge which the final essay throws out to believers in the vulgarization of literature.

A BOOK OF NONSENSE

Nonsense Verses: An Anthology, arranged and compiled by Langford Reed. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

NONSENSE is a peculiarly personal form of jesting, and any two Englishmen whom you may meet may well hold as diverse opinions on the subject as Mr. Reed and the intelligent German who could not see any humour in "I'm going to plant a lemon pip and listen to it grow," on the ground that the thing was impossible. The present reviewer pleads guilty to a similar obtuseness, but for different reasons, in regard to several items in this book which seem both laboured and facetious. (This latter fault also applies in an unmitigated degree to Mr. Reed's foreword.)

But that is only another way of saying that this anthology is a good one, for—to fall into the worse of the two evils referred to—what is sauce for the goose is another man's poison.

The trouble about so much of the nonsense collected here is that it is not nearly silly enough. Many years ago the late Ranger Gull, when he was on the staff of the *SATURDAY*, wrote one nonsense verse which in its way has no peer in Mr. Reed's anthology:

My uvula was far too long,
And so the doctor came
And cut it off.
However, I
Am very much the same.

The choice in this book is certainly various, from Dr. Johnson's lines:

If a man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies;
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip for a father.

to a wholly delicious music-hall song of 1925, of which the last lines run:

He's only a snail, and his manners are not classy,
But right across the garden he can wriggle on his chassis;
And could Lloyd George do it, could Baldwin do it,
Could Winston do it? Why, No!

So sublime a rhyme has not been heard since Harry Champion adjured his audience to

Blow out yer pants,
While you've got the chance,
With boiled beef and carrots!

Of scholarly verses, a " 'Prize' Poem " by Shirley Brooks, in which each separate line is taken from a well-known poem, and the Latin version of Lewis Carroll's 'Jabberwocky' are the best. Though one sighs for Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott's admirable parody, is not the very spirit of the original recaptured in:

Ter, quater, atque iterum cito vorpalissimus ensis
Snicsnacans penitus viscera dissecuit.
Exanimum corpus linquens caput abstulit heros
Quocum galumphat multa, domumque redit.
'Tune Gaberbocchum postuisti, nate, necare?
Bemiscens puer! ad brachia nostra veni.
Oh! frabiusce dies! iterumque caloque calaque
Lætus eo, ut chortlet, chortla superba senex

But then, far too many people have tried their hands at coining words in Dodgson's manner, and they have signally failed to be amusing; and too many of them are quoted here.

The more recent "classics" of Mr. Belloc, Mr. Chesterton and Captain Graham are happily included, together with selections from Mr. Bentley's 'Biography for Beginners.' Mr. Bateman's illustration to 'My First Love' is as quietly absurd as anything he has done, but it is to be regretted that out of comparatively few drawings he should have chosen two subjects from Mr. Belloc's verse originally, and definitively, illustrated by the late "B. T. B."

MEN OF RENOWN

The Prize Ring. By Bohun Lynch. Country Life. £3 3s. net.

"IT is impossible for me to conceive a work which I ought to be more interesting to the present age than that which exhibits before our eyes our 'fathers as they lived,' accompanied with such memorials of their lives and characters as enable us to compare their persons and countenances with their sentiments and actions." Thus wrote Sir Walter Scott when Lodge's Portraits were published. He might well have written in the same strain of Mr. Lynch's new book. Mr. Bohun Lynch is an author whom we may now crown as Historiographer-in-Chief to the Fancy, and one who, in his time, has effectively wielded an amateur champion glove. His introduction takes a wide sweep over the history of pugilism from Greek to decadent days, and is well ornamented with quotations. Opposite each reproduction he has written a brief account of the fight or fighter depicted.

The majority of the illustrations are taken from originals which were exhibited in the Sporting Gallery at the beginning of this year, and which were noticed at length in the *SATURDAY REVIEW*. It is not necessary to make any detailed comment now. Our praise of that exhibition was high, and it is sufficient praise of this book, therefore, to say that the reproductions are admirable, the selection most intelligent, and the "get-up" sound.

One of the universally regretted signs of recent times is the tendency to watch sport rather than take part in it. This is no doubt partly due to the difficulty of finding twenty-two men and a large field to accommodate your game. Sparring requires two men and an empty room, and is therefore the most practicable city sport. In boys' clubs and other social institutions this is generally recognized; but, unfortunately, the public and secondary schools continue to neglect the great game which was once as necessary a part of a gentleman's education as Greek, or as cricket is to-day. If Mr. Lynch's book were given as a Christmas present to the schoolboy it might help to mitigate this state of affairs. He might learn in its pages to admire the men of renown, and so grow to a desire to emulate them: and if two good things can be revived together, Mr. Lynch would not need to translate his quotations from Theocritus in his next edition.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Anglicanism. By W. H. Carnegie. Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

CANON CARNEGIE'S book comes at an opportune moment. The question of the Revision of the Prayer Book is now engaging the attention of the Bench of Bishops, and it is not too much to say that on their decision the whole future of the Church of England will depend. Whether "reason and the will of God" will be allowed to prevail time will tell. In the meanwhile, the air is rent with angry cries and counter-cries. Anglo-Catholics and Evangelicals are awaiting the result with feelings of mingled expectancy and apprehension, and the issue of various suggested Prayer Books—"Green," "Grey" and "Yellow"—is an indication of the depth to which ecclesiastical feelings have been stirred.

The Sub-Dean of Westminster approaches the subject from the standpoint of a convinced Churchman, but in a spirit of admirable detachment. His earlier chapters, in which the history of the Church prior to the period of the Reformation is briefly summarized, are excellent. He makes short work of the argument, advanced sometimes alike by Roman Catholics and by Nonconformists, that the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy was invented by Henry VIII. He reminds his readers that in 27 Edward III the King is described as "ordinarius supremus," and that in 2 Richard III—fifty years before the Reformation—"it is affirmed that the excommunications and judgments of the Roman pontiff have no force in England." He proceeds to consider the influence of Calvinism upon the Church in the post-reformation period, the wane of religious fervour in the eighteenth century and the spiritual re-birth which followed upon the Oxford Movement. The defection of Newman he considers to have been a gain rather than a loss to Anglican Churchmanship.

Canon Carnegie looks forward to the future with a calm, if tempered, confidence. He believes that the Church of England, discarding Papal absolutism on the one hand and Protestant anarchism on the other, has still a valuable contribution to make to the common stock of Christian faith and to the many problems—social, industrial and intellectual—which confront us to-day. His book is a reasoned and lucid exposition of that view of Anglicanism and its connotations which is probably held by the majority of English Churchmen at the present time.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

The Island of the Great Mother. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

Elnovia. By Geoffrey Faber. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d. net.

Four Tales by Zélide. Translated by Lady Sybil Scott. Constable. 12s. net.

TRANSLATION from the German is notoriously difficult. The English rendering of 'The Heretic of Soana,' published some time back, left much to be desired, even if its awkwardness corresponded to and emphasized the clumsiness and inelegance inherent in the narrative itself. These qualities, indeed, are discernible in 'The Island of the Great Mother'; but they are so handsomely glossed over by the grace and flexibility of Mr. and Mrs. Muir's translation that they almost disappear. Delicate and resourceful as that translation is, however, it cannot blind us to something fundamentally coarse and ungracious in the grain of Hauptmann's mind—a self-complacent sensuality, a longing for indecency, a kind of creative tastelessness, that would be intolerable but for the splendour and fecundity of his imagination and the vitality of his intellectual life. In 'The Island of the Great Mother' he has found a theme which displays to the full his merits and his defects. In the wreck of the *Cormorant* (no single word better symbolizes the quality of Hauptmann's genius) all the male passengers save one, a boy of twelve, are drowned; a company of ladies man, if the expression may be permitted, the boats and land on a conventional desert island, taking the boy with them. The island, however, is not framed of common rock and soil, but of a dream-substance which at need lends itself to symbolical manifestations. The symbols Hauptmann makes use of have one thing in common: they are nearly always large. The abstractions of strength and size have taken fast hold of his imagination; he thinks of a thing, and then multiplies it by two.

The island is steeped in the opulent atmosphere of noon; at the back of every brake and copse we expect to be confronted with the sky-pointing proportions of the mighty Pan. For Pan is Hauptmann's subject, though he is principally concerned with the shipwrecked colony of women and their efforts to form themselves into a matriarchate. They organize themselves, they make laws, they even invent a mythology to account for the children that, apparently in despite of Nature, are constantly born to the community; they banish the male children to a remote part of the island. But sex defeats all their efforts to canalize and sublimate it. The men enjoy their exile, take to fishing and hunting, but the women cannot live happily without them. This, crudely put, seems to be the moral of Hauptmann's allegory. The intellect may posture to itself, the spirit may nibble at the crumbs the intellect provides, but the flesh, at any rate in the case of women, will have its way in the end. A conclusion that is neither elevating nor original, and attained, it is humiliating to think, after an exhaustive examination of all the most reputable faiths. We can take comfort from the reflection that 'The Island of the Great Mother' is to some extent a fantasy of the unconscious, and Hauptmann has followed modern psychologists in allowing to the unconscious a very generous measure of sexual activity. 'O to be orgiastic!' is its cry. Hauptmann's novel, with all its beauty, its profundity, and its amusing if ungainly humours, is an apotheosis of the modern desert-island story, a study in the splendours and miseries of unregulated propinquity. Very often

it is obscure simply because it is dishonest; it hovers over the flesh, and pretends all the while to be looking at something else.

'Elnovia' in an allegory also, but of a different kind. Captain Flutter's too powerful aeroplane lands him with his two passengers in a land above the clouds where, after they have come to, they learn that they must announce themselves as Villains or Heroes, since no intermediate state of character is recognized. Following Whitman's advice they "publish themselves of their characters," and decide to be Heroes; they undertake a dangerous mission to New Elnovia, which is on the brink of war with its fatherland. Thither they are pursued by the Villain, the sinister X, and his two accomplices, and undergo exciting and filmable adventures. Elnovia is, of course, the land in which the conditions obtaining in the orthodox conventional novel hold sway; New Elnovia, a very desolate, distressing and uncomfortable region, stands for the gloomier kind of realistic and impressionist fiction. It is an excellent idea, and skilfully worked out. Mr. Faber applies his satire wherever he can. It is not at all fierce, but it has point and shrewdness and great good temper; it is also ingenious, cutting both ways, into the weaknesses of fiction and real life. It would have been more effective had it been more unkind; but the least touch of real spleen would have injured the balance of the book and put its melodrama out of key. Sometimes there are flat passages when Mr. Faber plays for safety, as there are others in which he exploits facetiousness. But the important thing in satire—to make its secondary meaning plain to an afterthought—he achieves perfectly. Imperfect satirical writing is either so obvious that it palls and disgusts, or so obscure that it fatigues and discourages. Mr. Faber has survived both dangers.

Mr. Geoffrey Scott introduces Madame de Charrière's four stories with a hint of depreciation that they do not deserve. She had no power of invention, he says; she had to draw upon her experience. But this is also true of 'Adolphe.' It is the quality and intensity of the experience that matter; and in this regard the second story of the collection, 'Mistress Henley,' if it does not come near Benjamin Constant's masterpiece, nevertheless is good enough to remind us of it. There is the same tragic situation: two well-meaning people making each other miserable. And though in 'Adolphe' the tragedy is far subtler, brought about

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as it is by a mutual affection, whereas here it arises from incompatibility, there is in *Madame de Charrière's* story something of the same inevitability of suffering. "Mr. Henley," says Mr. Scott in his admirable preface, "is credited only with one offence: that of being always and consciously and sadly in the right." One cannot too much admire the equal skill with which *Madame de Charrière* brings out this trait in the husband and the complementary quality in his wife. Mistress Henley was always in the wrong. Her husband never gave her quite the provocation to justify the irritation she felt with him—that was what mortified her. At the same time we see her, since the story is written in letters, always making the case as black as possible against herself. It was hard that a portrait of his wife should hang in the second Mistress Henley's bedroom; it was hard that he should find fault because her adored Angora cat chose to sleep on a chair in her bedroom.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "what would my grandmother, what would my mother say, if they saw this?"

"They would undoubtedly say," I replied with warmth, "that I ought to make use of my own furniture in my own fashion and that I ought not to be a stranger even in my own apartment. . . ."

She makes a scene.

"And all this for a cat to whom I have done no harm," said Mr. Henley with a sad and gentle look, a look of resignation; and he went away.

"No!" I cried after him: "it is not the cat."

It is amazing how clearly and with what economy, by emphasizing what it was not, *Madame de Charrière* shows what it was.

SHORTER NOTICES

Social and Political Ideas of the Reformation and Renaissance. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.

THE seven lectures of which this book is composed have as their common basis an attempt to discover a common term in the movements which we call the Renaissance and the Reformation. Cardinal Nicolas of Cusa, and in a less degree Sir John Fortescue, are definitely medieval, hardly touched by any modern spirit. The lecture on More touches on the question of the seriousness of the *Utopia*, which it declines to admit. The study of Erasmus is easily the most brilliant in the work, and will do a service to scholarship if it serves to correct the popular misapprehensions of his character. Luther is shorn of his prestige as a political and social thinker: in such matters he was essentially an opportunist. Calvin can never be turned into a sympathetic figure for modern readers, his whole outlook is contrary to ours, but his ideas are clear-cut and have affected the whole history of Western Europe from his own days to the present. The volume is a worthy pendant to its predecessor which dealt with great medieval thinkers, and deserves a place in every library.

Chess Step by Step. By Frank J. Marshall and J. C. H. Macbeth. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.

HERE is a book that can be heartily recommended to everyone who is desirous of learning to play at chess—a game which, as the Introduction says, "should be regarded as an extremely refined form of mental gymnastics. . . . It fulfils all the requirements of mental training to an extraordinary degree, as it teaches alertness, foresight, concentration, caution, contemplation, prudence, and circumspection. It also cultivates prudence and sound judgment." Who then, with such sure guides as the Chess Champion of the United States and the author of 'Common Sense in Auction Bridge,' will refuse to take the small amount of trouble necessary in order to play at least a decent game at chess?

In this book the whole art and science of the game is clearly explained. After some chapters on terminology and notation, the principles of the game are elucidated. Then we have a synopsis of the openings, the strategy of the middle game and of the end game, coups and stratagems, selected openings, and illustrative games. No better book for beginners has come under our notice in a long acquaintance with chess literature.

Nothing, or the Bookplate. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS fascinating slim volume contains twenty-five specimens of the 122 bookplates which Mr. Gordon Craig has amused himself and gratified his favoured friends by designing and engraving in his extra-theatrical moments. They display the same decorative originality as characterizes his stage-work. The preface, in a series of aptly-called "trifles," is extremely amusing, and the last and longest is no trifle but full of excellent advice to the would-be paster-in of bookplates—by no means so simple a process as it sounds. Perhaps this is really one of the books which are not books—but it well deserves a place in every self-respecting library. This is a new edition.

Game Trails in British Columbia. By A. Bryan Williams. Murray. 21s. net.

THE author of this book was for thirteen years head of the Provincial Game Department of British Columbia, and there are few trails that he has not followed. He writes well, because he always writes with his eye on the object that he describes, and is content to tell his story in the simplest words at his disposal. Many of his adventures are extremely thrilling to read about, and would have been more than thrilling to the average sportsman, but in his case they seem to have fallen quite naturally into the day's work. His photographs are clear and good.

MOTORING

INCREASE IN TYRE PRICES

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

BRITISH manufacturers of tyres will probably raise their prices to the public and the trade by fifteen per cent. on January 1, on account of the increased cost of raw rubber. No official announcement has been issued as to the actual advance in price to be made on that date, but the manufacturers of motor vehicles and motor cycles have been warned by the chief rubber manufacturing organizations that the price of tyres will be advanced on the first of January. Consequently, several motor-making firms have notified people that the prices of their goods will be increased to the public by the additional amount they themselves have to pay for tyres, above the current price last September, when their new catalogues were issued.

*
* *

According to the latest available statistics there are a million and a half tyre-using motor vehicles, so that any rise in the price of tyres affects the general public as actual owners of such vehicles. All the transport motor vehicles have solid or pneumatic rubber tyres, and fifteen per cent. increase, if a correct forecast of such increase in tyre prices, means that a large sum annually will have to be expended to pay the increased cost by the motor omnibus companies. This may cause a rise in 'bus-fares, which have dropped to a low level in London; one penny takes the passenger more than a mile. Whether competition will be strong enough to

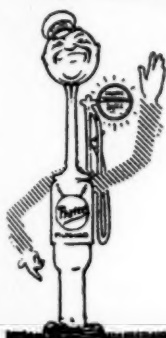


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protect the public from increased fares for a few months remains to be proved, but sooner or later the extra tyre costs must be met by additional receipts. A very large amount of goods is conveyed by road at the present time. Fuel and tyre costs are the chief expenditure, outside wages, of all road transport companies.

* * *

The high price of raw rubber is therefore affecting the general public by increasing the cost of travel and the charges for goods; while individual motorists may be able to effect economies in use of their vehicles, the road transport firms have brought their actual expenses to as low a level as possible. It has been observed that one man's gain is another's loss, and while fortunes have been made in rubber speculations by certain far-seeing individuals the British public will have to pay their quota towards the increased cost of manufactured rubber goods. Fortunately there is a bright as well as a dull side of the shield. America has to purchase her rubber chiefly from Great Britain, and she consumes seventy-two and a half per cent. of the whole of the rubber production of the world.

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Tuesday

MORE cheerful conditions have developed of late in the foreign railway market, Argentine stocks, in particular, being in good demand on favourable views regarding the latest crop reports, while traffics are regarded as encouraging. The Argentine Minister of Agriculture has now issued his second forecast of the wheat, linseed and oats crops for the present season, and so far as wheat is concerned a material reduction on the preliminary estimates is shown. Wheat is now expected to give a yield of 5,845,000 tons, against 6,400,000 tons previously anticipated; but as the last crop only produced 5,202,000 tons it will be seen that even now a larger yield is expected than that realized a year ago. It would seem that, after all, the Argentine railways will have more wheat to carry during the next six months than in the corresponding period. As regards the oats crop, the present forecast anticipated a yield of 1,231,000 tons, which is 31,000 tons more than was expected a month ago, and compares with 776,000 tons in 1924-5. Linseed is still expected to yield 1,900,000 tons, comparing with 1,145,000 tons actually obtained last year. There is no doubt that the recent reports regarding the rust damage to wheat were grossly exaggerated, and on the present official estimates the outlook for the railways may be regarded as favourable, and much better than was thought likely a week or two ago, even if not quite so good as they looked in the early part of last month.

NOBEL INDUSTRIES

This great Combine fully or partly controls some thirty companies engaged in the manufacture of explosives, chemicals, leather articles, motor accessories, sporting cartridges and a variety of other articles. Its record since 1920 has been continuously progressive, dividends for the last three years having been 7%, 8% and 9% respectively. The reserves are strong, and at the general meeting the Chairman stated that the overseas businesses are doing an expanding and remunerative trade. The Company acquired large holdings at low prices for the purposes of establishing

trade connexions in certain outside companies, among them being Dunlop Rubber Company and General Motors Limited. The enormous appreciation which has occurred in both these stocks has, I understand, been partially taken advantage of by realizations, the proceeds of which became available for the purposes of the business. I consider that in addition to the satisfactory yield, the Ordinary Shares are attractive from the point of view of future Capital appreciation.

PATON & BALDWIN

The recent fall in Paton and Baldwin's shares was caused by the surprise experienced in the market at the passing of the interim dividend. Conditions in the wool trade during the earlier part of the Company's year were undoubtedly difficult, and no doubt the Directors exercised special caution in this instance because of the necessity they were under last year of reducing the final dividend owing to heavy depreciation of stocks; they would prefer on this occasion rather to make good on the final dividend, if the improvement in trade referred to in their circular continues to the end of their year. Up to the present I think this improvement has been fully maintained. The Company has an excellent record in spite of the violent fluctuations in wool prices during recent years, a record due to the very conservative policy adopted by the Directors. Since the formation of the Company in its present form in 1919, the profits earned, after allowing for management expenses, taxation, debenture interest and preference dividend, amount to £2,721,275, of which amount £817,282 has been appropriated to depreciation of fixed assets, and only £823,285 distributed as dividend on the ordinary shares. The financial position is strong; the excess of liquid assets over current liabilities has shown year by year a consistent increase from £1,162,841 in 1920 to £1,971,456 in 1925. In view of these facts and figures, which were brought to my notice by the perusal of the Monthly Review of the Industrial Market issued by a leading Stock Exchange House, which as usual is a most valuable compilation, I recommend these shares at the present price of about 37s. 6d. for a twelve months' lock-up. I think that those who bought these shares at higher levels should average their holdings.

OILS

The oil market was helped last week by another increase of 25 cents in Pennsylvania crude. The production of crude in the United States, as reported to the Bureau of Mines for October, amounted to 64,273,000 barrels, a daily average of 2,073,000 barrels. This represents a decrease from September of 84,000 barrels per day, or 4%, which is the most acute drop in production for any month of the year. Decreased production on Oklahoma—the influence of the Garber field not yet being felt—and in California was responsible for most of the decreased output. Paris has been the principal buyer of Shell Transport shares, and the firmness of Royal Dutch is due in particular to purchases against sales of Shell Shares. Neither Amsterdam nor New York have been important factors in these shares. On the other hand, New York has been a big buyer of Lagos Petroleum, and the rise in these shares has been further fostered by a local demand arising from an exchange of V.O.C. into Lagos.

BATU TIGA

I would draw attention to the shares of Batu Tiga, the capital of which is £175,818 in £1 ordinary

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shares. This rubber company has 4,329 planted acres, and a standard production of 1,382,400 lbs. Costs are 8d. per lb. With restrictions taken off at any time, the Company is in a position to increase its production without the delay that will be encountered by most rubber companies. The Company's Financial Year ends on December 31. The following is an estimate of results for 1925:

Costs 8d. per lb. Interim Dividend to date 3s. 6d. a share.	
Production 950,000 lbs.,	Est. Profit.
of which 520,950 lbs. have been sold forward @ 2/1½	£37,000
and 150,080 lbs. have been sold forward @ 1/9½	£8,000
If balance of 278,970 lbs. be sold at say 3/-	£32,000
Total product 950,000 lbs. will show a total profit of	£77,000

Equivalent to over 8s. a share.

The following is an estimate of results for 1926:

Costs 8d. per lb.	
Production 1,250,000 lbs.,	Est. Profit.
of which 418,880 lbs. have been sold forward @ 2/7½	£40,000
If balance of 831,120 lbs. be sold at say 3/-	£95,000
Total product 1,250,000 lbs., which shows a total profit of	£135,000

Equivalent to over 15s. a share.

Or, if balance is sold at only 2s. a lb., profit would be £95,500 = over 10s. a share.

I recommend these shares as a thoroughly sound rubber investment.

TAURUS

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for the Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 199.

ONE'S THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER.

1. Near Genoa my rocks the waters lave.
2. So term we the surrender of a knave.
3. Curtail the tailless—nay, I do not jest!
4. Of every wished-for attribute possess.
5. With this returning wanderers we meet.
6. Forced from the sturdiest frame by toil and heat.
7. Bashful: both first and last must come away.
8. Mankind's great solace at the present day.
9. Transpose Old England's chiefest prop and stay.

Solution of Acrostic No. 197.

K ir K
I nter Im
N othingaria N
G on G
O dont O
F luf F
S wordfis H
P ole-ax E
A rali A
D ictato R
E viden T
S cissor S

ACROSTIC No. 197.—The winner is Mrs. E. Jacobson, 7 Onslow Crescent, S.W.7, who has selected as her prize 'Unknown Norfolk,' by Donald Maxwell, published at The Bodley Head and noticed in our columns on December 12 under the title 'New Books at a Glance.' Thirteen other competitors named this book, ten chose 'Banzai,' nine 'Round the World with the Battle Cruisers,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT:—Baitho, Beechworth, Boskerris, Carlton, Farsdon, John Lennie, Met, Owl, Peg, Peter, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, St. Ives.

ONE LIGHT WRONG:—Bolo, Bordyke, W. F. Born, Ceyx, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Glamis, Sylvia M. Groves, Jop, Kirkton, F. Sheridan Lea, Madge, Plumbago, M. Story, Torts, Twyford, Varach, C. J. Warden, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG:—Apacero, Cameron, Lilian, M. A. S. McFarlane, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, R. Ransom, Sisypheus, F. N. Smith, Still Waters, J. Sutton, Trike, Albert E. K. Wherry, Zero.

J. CHAMBERS.—Your solution of No. 195 did not reach us. "Transpose" is not incorrect: you may arrange the interior letters in any order you like.

G. W. MILLER.—Card-games may pass away, but I think "cards" will always be played. "Odonto" is in Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary. Teeth are defined in a famous dictionary as "the hardest and smoothest bones of the body."

* See the notice at foot of Acrostic Column in our issue of December 19. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' may no longer be chosen as prizes.)

Company Meeting

CARRERAS, LTD.

RECORD FIGURE

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Carreras, Ltd., was held on December 19 at Arcadia Works, City Road, E.C.1, Mr. Bernhard Baron (chairman and managing director of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Last year I was not able to be present at our annual meeting, so could not personally congratulate you on the good result which was then reported. That, however, gives me the opportunity of offering you a double congratulation on this occasion, because we have followed up a good year in 1924—which was our twenty-first anniversary—with a still better year for 1925.

Our business has grown into a very big concern, but, as I have said before—and I wish to emphasize it to-day—the whole world is our field of action; and that being so, I am confident that we are far from having reached our limits, and for a long time to come we can hope to see still further extensions of our business both in this country and other parts of the world. In the meantime, I may tell you that the increase in our business for the two months of the new financial year is eminently satisfactory.

I now move "That the directors' report and statement of accounts as at October 31, 1925, now submitted to this meeting, be and the same are hereby received and adopted; that a dividend at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, for the half-year be and the same is hereby declared, making with the interim dividend paid in June last 40 per cent., free of income-tax, for the year; also that a bonus dividend at the rate of 2s. per Ordinary and 'A' Ordinary share, free of income-tax, be and the same is hereby declared. Such dividends to be payable to all Ordinary and 'A' Ordinary shareholders appearing on the register as on the 5th day of December, 1925, the date on which the share register was closed."

Mr. Tanner said that he and all the shareholders present were very pleased to see Mr. Bernhard Baron in the chair again.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Warren and unanimously approved.

THE CAPITAL INCREASED

An extraordinary general meeting was then held for the purpose for considering, and if thought fit passing, a resolution providing that the capital of the Company be increased to £900,000 by the creation of 120,000 new "A" Ordinary shares of £1 each.

Mr. Bernhard Baron again presided, and moved the resolution. The motion was seconded by Mr. Louis B. Baron and unanimously approved.

NOTICE.

British Controlled Oilfields, Limited.

The Balance Sheet as at 31st July, 1925, to be submitted at the Sixth Annual General Meeting of the Company to be held at Montreal on the 28th December, 1925, together with the Directors' Report covering the period from the issue of the last Annual Report to date, is now available for distribution.

Shareholders are hereby notified that copies of the Balance Sheet and Report may be obtained on application to THE SECRETARY,

5, MOORGATE,
LONDON, E.C.2.

NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by
L. J. MAXSE

DECEMBER
1925

Episodes of the Month

The Truth about Fascism

By SENATOR CORRADINI

American Indebtedness to British Investors

By YOUNG J. PENTLAND

The Land of Plenty and Adventure

By VISCOUNTESS MILNER

Glimpses of Greek Poetry

By HUGH MACNAGHTEN
(Vice-Provost of Eton)

In Baltic By-Ways

By RIGA

Queer Natural History Mistakes

By MISS FRANCES PITT

House of Lords or Senate?

By LT.-COL. CUTHBERT HEADLAM, D.S.O., M.P.

The Fetish of the Riviera

By CAPT. J. F. J. FITZPATRICK

The Charwoman in Fiction

By THE HON. VIOLET BIDDULPH.

Local Leave

By FITZURSE

The Rise of Riza Khan Pahlavi

By LT.-COL. SIR WOLSELEY HAIG, K.C.I.E.

Correspondence Section

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Its brilliancy, its originality, its independence; its contributions from the greatest minds of its generation, made a real epoch in journalism. Of all English papers that had ever existed it had the greatest staff. It has a brilliant staff still. I wish . . . the paper a long life of equal brilliancy and even greater prosperity.

The Daily Mail

The journal has always maintained an attitude at once independent and patriotic, and it has been and is notable for its list of contributors and for the high level of its articles.

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Conspicuously well edited.

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[Another Notice.] The paper of the wits.

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1855—1925

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OUR SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

BORN on November 3, 1855, we have seen a seventieth anniversary. At seventy a man in tolerable health may well be complacent about his survival, yet look back on his life with mixed feelings. He has learnt much and forgotten much. He has developed, perhaps, but not always as he expected. If he has not, according to the melancholy wisdom of Sidonia, found "youth a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret," he has made mistakes and false starts. He has lived through new movements, sometimes supporting them, and sometimes deriding them as nonsense. Younger men say with contemptuous brevity that his views "date." But, on the whole, he may have been consistent, showing a steady purpose and considerable achievement; and throughout, he had the same character to hinder or help him. What is true of a man is true of a newspaper of serious purpose. It develops, in spite of the variety of its contributors, a common tone among them all. It has a recognizable character, which it retains across the years, unless it has been wrested from its purpose by new hands, and presents only the name, when the familiar character is gone. Looking back on our long rows of weekly labour, can we say that the SATURDAY has maintained its character, held its own among the changing factions and fashions of the world, and practised, on the whole, the good sense to which it often appealed? Or shall we have to say that this contribution is absurd and illogical, even without the future to prove it so, or that this article "dates" hopelessly and disagreeably, viewed with the lenient eye of successors who have their own difficulties as expositors and prophets? Let us consider our own past, and the reputation we have secured from others, which is a more gracious tribute on such an occasion than our own comments.

Beresford Hope and John Douglas Cook, the first proprietor and editor of the SATURDAY, came from the Peelite *Morning Chronicle*, a paper which included among its contributors Sheridan, Lamb and Byron, Ricardo, and James and John Stuart Mill. The *Chronicle* was at war with *The Times*, and tradition

says that one of its reporters, Charles Dickens, caricatured the quarrel. The new paper began on similar lines, with a resolve to free a people supposed to be ruled by *The Times*, which over-influenced the weekly Press. It had the advantage of a generous and understanding proprietor. Beresford Hope cherished artistic and scholarly tastes, and was, as a High Anglican, a keen supporter of the Church. Cook was not great in culture himself, and had a reputation for roughness; but he practised a remarkable gift for choosing the best men and giving them a free hand. His staff was first-rate from the beginning, and the paper at once became noted for "the pungency of its satire, the brilliance of its style, and the nicety of its scholarship."

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* *

The title was invented by Sir Henry Maine, the great jurist. He was tutor at Cambridge to James Fitz-James Stephen, who joined the staff with William Vernon Harcourt, his opponent in debate at the Union and among the Apostles. Venables, who was also a Cambridge don, and stood for Thackeray's Warrington, made a great impression on his contemporaries by his amazing memory and ability. Oxford culture was supplied by Bowen, the wittiest of scholars and, later, of Judges; William Scott, an eminent High Church divine; and Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Salisbury, a master of flouts and jeers. Abraham Hayward added his reputation as an accomplished social gossip and critic, and the eighth Viscount Strangford his distinction in languages. A staff like this, which knew men and things, and was supervised by an editor residing in the Albany, came near the ideal of a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and created great jealousy. Thanks to a genial pen, we can discover intimate views of our founders. Alexander Innes Shand wrote in his 'Days of the Past':

The editing was sumptuously done. In the Albany the editor was supposed to sit enthroned from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. There the articles were arranged in cosy talk. Ushered into

Mr. Cook's sanctum in some fear and trembling, I found a man in striking contrast with his surroundings. Nothing could be more suitably luxurious than the fittings of the room, with its Turkish carpets, its massive furnishing, and the usual litter of an editor's den. Cook wore a long, loose, rough coat, something between a shooting jacket and a dressing-gown, and a slippered foot stretched out on a cushioned leg-rest was suggestive of gout. The veteran was then . . . nearing his end, but the old fire flickered up when he began to talk, flashing out from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. I had heard him talked of as a terror, but nothing could be kinder than his reception. Had I been Lord Robert Cecil, Harcourt, Stephen or Venables he could not have discussed proposals more respectfully.

Cook had somewhat of a formidable reputation; he was said to be fastidious and capricious in the choice of his contributors, and as the hansom cabman said of Forster, "a harbitrary gent." Indeed, any self-made man had reason to be proud of having recruited such a constellation of varied talent. It was the pride of the SATURDAY, like Thackeray's *Pall Mall*, to be written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and not a few of the gentlemen were predestined to exalted places in the Empire. Chief among the contributors was Lord Robert Cecil, who could handle his incisive and sarcastic pen with no fear of the impulsive slip which compromised him. Faded daguerrotypes and primitive photographs, hung round the inner room in the Albany, formed an interesting gallery of notoriety. For Beresford Hope, who launched the brilliantly successful venture, was lavish of money and could afford it. He was given to hospitality; his annual Greenwich dinner at the Trafalgar was a great help to his brilliant weekly. The editor took the chair, the proprietor sat on his right, and invitations were issued on a most catholic scale.

There you could absolutely trust the wines: the burgundy and the venerable port and amontillado came from the renowned cellars of Marshal Beresford, a noted *bon vivant*, who always kept a sumptuous table in the Peninsula, even when rank and file were on short commons. At these Greenwich dinners there was mercifully no speechifying, and the grace was compressed in a couple of Latin words.

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Here was luxury, but also efficiency. Herbert Paul, differing in politics from the SATURDAY standpoint, recognized in his three-volume record of modern times the establishment of the SATURDAY as "an event of real importance in the history of England." It was, he adds,

essentially eclectic, holding, so to speak, no opinions of its own, and looking down on all parties, as upon all statesmen, from the superior level of the higher criticism.

This is an exaggeration, for the REVIEW had a definite faith in more than one direction, but it was always notoriously independent, never seeking to follow or anticipate that shouting of the largest crowd which has made some mammoth circulations. It was even independent enough to criticize Beresford Hope when he wrote in the 'Cambridge Essays' of 1859 on 'Newspapers and their Writers.' The public wanted to know what it would say upon topics of the moment, because it could not guess beforehand. Writers liked to be asked if they wrote for the SATURDAY, even if they had to deny the pleasant impeachment. The story goes that a composer of improving common-places for a book once successful, but long since forgotten, wrote a single review for the SATURDAY and lived on it. When he brought out his handkerchief, out came, too, the single uncashed cheque, airily described as "My Saturday cheque," a thing he had always about him.

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The SATURDAY manner has never changed. It is a *ὑβρις πεπαυμένη*, "educated insolence," which is the definition Aristotle gives of *εὐτραπεία*, that versatility of wit which turns happily to many subjects. Recently we heard the words "Saturday Reviler" used by a democrat whose speech, owing to excessive open-air oratory, was a permanent shout. That from such a voice was a compliment. It is significant that Disraeli recognized the view of the SATURDAY as that of the "educated classes," though

for some time his future colleague Lord Salisbury had been attacking him severely in the paper. There were good examples of weekly journalism when the SATURDAY started, but it is generally agreed that they were livened up by its brightness. The art of writing has changed; the lively critics of the last century do not seem particularly lively to-day; but we may remember the odd fact that the *Edinburgh Review* was once regarded as an incendiary publication. The SATURDAY infuriated the average journalist, rich in the "journalese" which it always abhorred. It did not see why hawthorns should be described as "viridating," or pots and pans as "prandial vessels." It attacked the young and verbose lions whom Matthew Arnold derided in 'Friendship's Garland.' It was cool about popular reputations. There are objections to the *Nil admirari* attitude of English culture, which the humourless Arnold of Rugby thought devilish, but it produces better results in writing than what his son called "the effusiveness of the English middle class." Journalism in 1855 was not a profession: it was written by a set of thorough-going shirt-sleeves Bohemians who intensely resented the superior tone of the gentleman. Writers "earning bread and cheese by their pen, with the tavern for a club," bitterly derided a school of critics with social opportunities and pecuniary resources. Robert Brough, conscious of great abilities, raved against SATURDAY gentility. During the Crimean War he hinted a comparison between Nero and Palmerston. The *London Review*, started as a rival to the SATURDAY, made in 1868, says the writer of 'Pen, Patron and Public,' the sole hit of its declining years by exposing the sham sentiment and parade of good fellowship in Fleet Street, but it only paraphrased Brough's bitter saying, "Brethren of the Pen? Yes, we are all Cains and Abels here." A class of men naturally embittered wrote more than they believed, and denounced a snobbery which did not exist. We have not traced in the SATURDAY any of that regard for the private life of the prominent which fills so many columns to-day. It never descended to the invective of Eatanswill, though abuse which good taste would taboo long survived the days of 'Pickwick.' A leading paper in the 'forties wrote of "Babble-tongue" instead of Babington Macaulay. *Punch* in 1862, a sadly bourgeois paper descending to the lowest puns, accused the SATURDAY of "dallying and sporting with jocosities which any prudery or sort of nicety would shrink from," and compared its "stinging words" to "the venomous taunts of a rabid woman." To-day, the whole status of journalism has altered, and we have thought it worth while to go back and show why cool, restrained writing was a novelty to Fleet Street.

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Harwood, the second editor, introduced Andrew Lang and the brilliant Traill, whose 'Saturday Songs' were good examples of light satire. But it would be idle to note in detail the many distinguished writers who have contributed to our columns. Let us take history, which begins with queries about Macaulay's glittering fabric. In this department the Roman historian Charles Merivale, whose table talk Edward FitzGerald admired so much, added his wide knowledge of men and things. Freeman thundered with secure erudition for many years, denouncing the faults of Froude, and John Richard Green added the easy charm which was later to emerge in the 'Short History.' He was particularly apt at "middles," which have always been a great part of the paper's strength, and some of them made his 'Stray Studies from England and Italy.' This is only one instance of books which came out of the SATURDAY in an age when journalism was not rapidly and recklessly reprinted. Sir James FitzJames Stephen's 'Hore Sabbaticæ,' dealing with moral and political philosophy,

are solid fare to-day. But a modern can enjoy those books of John Halsham which give the sentiment and life of the country in the choicest of prose; Shand's 'Memories of Gardens,' a pleasant exposition of the life of an accomplished sportsman and gentleman; and 'Otia,' those brilliant essays by Armine Kent which are being perpetually discovered as a delight for men of letters. "Middles," however, were by no means confined to literary themes. With the widest range the SATURDAY has considered such subjects as Pretty Women, The Girl of the Period, Oysters, False Weights and Adulterations, Quack Medicines, and Silk and Silk Substitutes, long before they became the theme of the moment.

Looking at a host of memoirs, we observe the eagerness and occasional disgust with which the SATURDAY was received. On the whole, perhaps, it might be called too critical, but it did excellent work as the sworn foe of sentimentalism and fine writing, and as a fearless exposé of thoroughly bad books. In the last century pedantry had a chance impossible now, but honesty about unworthy performances was more common. The review of an early Baconian declares of the SATURDAY:

When people do good things, it approves them; when they do evil things, it smites more or less heavily according to their desert.

To take a fairly modern instance, plain speaking and contemptuous brevity were applied to the scandalous 'Memoirs of Lady Cardigan,' which were afterwards bought up and burnt by a lady of good taste. To realize the achievement of the earlier reviewers we have again to go back and see the standard of the time. In its second year the SATURDAY had a striking paper on 'Review Writing,' pointing out the main reasons for its futility and unfairness. Modern readers who have not studied the past have no idea of the lengths to which political prejudices, the claims of morality, and innate conservatism carried reviewers, though they may know what critical authorities made of Keats. As late as 1861 a writer reprinted from the most respectable quarters 'Essays on English Literature.' Therein he claimed that "of all the modern poets Campbell and Rogers have made rarest work for immortality. Whatever is essential and permanent in poetry of the ancient classic type has been beautifully adapted by the English Muse of Rogers." As for Campbell, "his story of Gertrude and her fortunes in the wilderness of the Savannah, while it breathes an Arcadian sweetness of its own, is invested with a thousand graces which confer a perdurable beauty." The SATURDAY never produced judgments like that.

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Turning to 1859, we find notices of Bulwer Lytton's novels and 'The Virginians' which are solid and worthy. 'Adam Bede,' it is true, is described as "evidently by a country clergyman," but Mrs. Poyer receives the tribute she deserves, and the novel is one "rarely rivalled even in these days of abundant fiction." Very creditable is the review of 'The Origin of Species.' Darwin's thesis is confronted with doubts from geology, but fears for "the truths of Revelation" are scouted, and the greatness of his work is recognized. There is none of the abuse to which the British Association had to listen in 1860 at Oxford, including the cheap and borrowed claptrap of Bishop Wilberforce. In the same year the notice of 'Essays and Reviews' caused the withdrawal of Bowen from the staff, but it is moderate, in view of the usual exhibitions of *odium theologicum*. The review of Kingsley's 'Miscellanies' drew the wrath of F. D. Maurice, who denounced the "Saturday detective." The rejoinder was dialectic, not invective, and ended with recognition of Kingsley's great powers and usefulness. Reviewers were ready to concede good in writers not to their

taste, and the best of the reviewed recognized this, even writers impatient of criticism like Meredith.

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Popular idols secured no immunity from criticism. Forster quotes the authority of the SATURDAY on Dickens's characters, but, while his genius was recognized, the "journalistic beatification" which followed his death and his curious lack of taste in parading his domestic affairs were faithfully dealt with. A writer in 1908 states that the *Athenæum* alone modified the chorus of applause for Martin Tupper. But he did not take in the SATURDAY, which remarked when, like Dickens, he gave a reading of 'Proverbial Philosophy' and other classics:

A gentleman who has succeeded in persuading so vast an amount of readers to buy such poetry is beyond criticism; he may be content to set down any snarls that may reach his sublime ears to the spiritual jealousy of venal journalists.

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* *

Writers both inside and outside England were noticed with care and discretion, though not always with the haste of to-day, when good stories are torn out of a book the day after publication, and no serious attempt is made to review it. The notice of 'The Innocents Abroad' was belated, but fair enough, recognizing the cheery and frank Philistinism in face of antiquity and art which was part of its charm. The review was reproduced in America, and Mark Twain, relying on hearsay, wrote a parody of it, an imaginary SATURDAY article which took all his exaggerations at their face value. The result was unfortunate, as America did not see the joke. It was not, in fact, justified by the review, as the writer of the 'Life of Mark Twain' supposed in 1912. The SATURDAY expressly guarded itself against "the imputation of taking a professional jester seriously." SATURDAY hands were always suspicious of anything like fine writing, and when Stevenson's 'Prince Otto' appeared, a critic denounced the Prince as "a fool and a wittol," and could see nothing but false style in the story of Seraphina's flight through the forest. Stevenson in his Letters declared the reviewer dull and unjust, but added, "As for the passages quoted, I do confess that some of them reek Gongorically; they are excessive, but they are not inelegant after all."

In another passage of the Letters Stevenson writes of his friend Symonds, "The SATURDAY is the only obituary I have seen, and I think it very good upon the whole." In this most difficult form of notice the paper has a good record. There is nothing to blush for in the tributes to such different men as Dumas, Dean Church and Tennyson. Voltaire's doctrine of "le superflu, chose très nécessaire" does not apply to superlatives. Writers who know this make a greater impression than all the purple patchers of a richly sentimental prose.

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Our predecessors had their ups and downs, their deficiencies, including a certain dryness associated with the school of J. S. Mill, and their *bêtises*. But, after careful study of their performances, we think there is as little to wish away as any journal in the course of the changing years could show. We salute their memories, and wish ourselves good store of their cool reflection and scholarship, their wholesome independence and refusal to bow to the tyranny of popular and predominant opinion. Unlike the gladiator's son, who, Tiberius pleasantly remarked, was "ex se natus," we have ancestors. We are old enough to have a past and to believe in tradition. We are also young enough to believe we have a future.

THEATRES AND REVIEWS THEN
AND NOW

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

THIRTY years ago I was the Saturday Reviewer in the theatres. D. S. MacColl was the Saturday Reviewer in the picture galleries. Cunninghame Graham was a Saturday Reviewer in the universe, with perhaps a slight specialization towards Spanish South America. Music was reviewed by J. J. Runciman, young, clever, and quite genuine, but, like many middle class Bohemians, without a notion of public or private manners. He drank, died, and is forgotten; but he held his own among us for a time. The editor was Frank Harris, who had no quality of editorship except the supreme one of knowing good work from bad, and not being afraid of it.

People who did not understand the peculiar structure of English society were puzzled by weeklies like the SATURDAY REVIEW when they thought about them at all. These weeklies were not Radical. They were snortingly aristocratic; and yet they were staffed (when they were lucky enough to find the right men) by writers of whom the perfect type to-day is Leo Trotsky, with his unbounded contempt for the bourgeoisie, his uncompromising repudiation of their prejudices, their tastes, and their religion, his ruthlessly candid self-criticism, his subtle analytical power as a critic, and his trenchant skill with the pen. He would have been an ideal Saturday Reviewer. What! you will say: a Socialist? A Communist? A Red? Why not? I was a Socialist; Cunninghame Graham was a Socialist, militant to his spurs; Runciman was a Socialist; Harris was a Socialist. We never asked MacColl what he was: it was enough that he was an artist and a very fine critic and brilliant writer; let it suffice that if he had any conventional weaknesses he knew better than to betray them in the SATURDAY. No Liberal, Radical, or Labor paper would have dared to employ us: one whiff of our brimstone would have terrified their editors out of their senses. Only in unchallengeably aristocratic papers could we have been let rip as we were.

The explanation of this paradox of aristocratic papers manned (and to some extent womaned) by revolutionaries, is simply that England was governed by an oligarchy of aristocrats and plutocrats; and as Nature obstinately refused to conform to this arrangement by making every aristocratic or plutocratic baby a completely conventional Conservative, there was always a Left and Right in the party of privilege as there is in the party of Labor, except that the aristocratic Right was more prejudiced and the aristocratic Left much more seditious than the Labor Right and Left. The aristocratic Left constituted a nineteenth century Fronde; and the papers which appealed to it were those which, without saying a word against Church or State which could disqualify them for the tables of the most exclusive clubs, country houses, or even rectories, nevertheless criticized everything and everybody without the smallest respect for either. That was the secret of the *World* under the editorship of Edmund Yates when I was its critic of music; and it was the secret of the SATURDAY REVIEW also. On both papers I was perfectly at home when the Radical and Socialist papers would have been partly shocked and partly terrified by my audacities.

Things have changed since this. The aristocratic Fronde is disabled by Inflation, Supertax, and Death Duties; and its place in modern culture has been taken by the bourgeois Intelligentsia. At the same time Socialism, having become recognized and official, has also become straitlaced; and the weekly journals, instead of representing Freethought (in the general sense), now represent Capitalistic and Socialistic interests in definite opposition; while the old anti-bourgeois weeklies, representing really the descendants of the freethinking nobles of the eighteenth century,

and always Frondeur and *épatant* no matter who was in power, have disappeared. There is still nominally a SATURDAY REVIEW; but it no longer keeps a red flag under its mattress.

I am asked to compare the dramatic criticism of thirty years ago with that of to-day. But how can I? Thirty years ago I was myself a critic, which means that I never read any dramatic criticism except the proofs of my own articles. People used to accuse me of paradox because when Henry Irving, the leading actor of that day, was quoted as an authority on the theatres, I pointed out that he knew less about the theatres than anyone else in London, because he was on the stage—the same stage—every night. Only the other day my friend Walkley demurred to the account of modern dramatic criticism I gave in the preface to *St. Joan*. He forgot that I had read every English and American criticism of my play, and that he would have died rather than swallow such a dose. He may not even have read over his own notice; certainly he did not read anyone else's. He has not the faintest notion of what criticism is in the lump: he knows it only by his own extremely flattering samples. Thirty years ago I was as ignorant as he: I read his criticisms when we were together on the *Star*, and Archer's when we were on the *World*; and we all three read Clement Scott's frantic denunciation of Ibsen; but it was not until I forsook criticism for playwriting, and had to read notices as a matter of business, that I got anything like a conspect of theatrical journalism.

I know that to students of the British Schimpf Lexicon which Archer compiled to chronicle the Press reception of Ibsen in this country we must needs appear an obscene rabble throwing mud and screaming foul abuse at every great man who came our way. Our musical colleagues had cut an equally poor figure when confronted with Wagner. And I cannot pretend to consider my own reception as a playwright by my quondam colleagues as, on the whole, a critical success. But critics must be judged by their normal activities, and not by their convulsions when a new departure upsets them. The critics who declared that Wagner's music had no melody; that his harmonies were meaningless discords, his orchestration a hideous uproar, and the man himself a despicable charlatan, were quite good judges of Gounod and Arthur Sullivan. Those who yelled for the prosecution as disorderly houses of the theatres in which Ibsen's plays were performed were sane enough about Robertson and Tom Taylor, Sardou and Dumas fils; and they could stand the advance led by Pinero, Jones, and Gilbert without losing their heads. Oscar Wilde had no more to complain of than is in the day's worries of any successful playwright.

On this plane I should say that there has been an improvement. Thanks to the development of the literary and artistic sides of the daily newspapers, to the gramophone, the pianola, and wireless, the supply of journalists with a knowledge and love of art, and a cultivated sensibility to refinements in artistic execution, is much greater than it was. Editors are no longer contemptuously ignorant of art: they may still be ignorant, but they are ashamed of their ignorance, and no longer dare to hand over the theatre with a snub to the least cultivated of their casual reporters. When, as a beginner, I got an introduction to Morley (not then Lord Morley), and he asked me what I thought I could do, I threw away the opportunity by saying that I thought I could write about art. In utter disgust he turned away, flinging over his shoulder a muttered "Pooh! ANYBODY can write about art." "Oh, CAN they???" I retorted, with a contempt equal to his own; and I honestly thought I was showing great self-restraint in not adding "you wretched Philistine secondhand Macaulay." That concluded the interview; and Morley missed his chance of becoming my editor. As to Stead, who succeeded Morley, and under whom I became a contributor to the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was an abyss of ignorance in art; a theatre was to him

a sort of *maison tolérée* which God forbid he should ever enter.

Nowadays editors may be Philistines; but they know that they must find a specialist to write theatrical feuilletons for them, and think themselves lucky if they can find a good one. I gather from what I read that they get imposed on occasionally; for the theatrical feuilletons are sometimes almost as nonsensical as the city articles; but whereas nothing will teach an editor finance, he is more and more likely nowadays to know enough to criticize his art critics, as Massingham, for example, did. A first-rate critic like Desmond McCarthy would be snapped up eagerly to-day. When he made the first display of his powers in the theatre twenty years ago the editors were much slower in the uptake. And as the critic also is more and more likely to know his business, the level is rising.

As to the theatre itself, it is beginning to educate its critics, whereas in the old days it stultified them. I have no space left in which to describe how completely the theatre used to be divorced from the national life. It was more secluded than any modern convent, and much more prudish. It knew nothing of religion, politics, science, or any art but its own. It had only one subject, which the censorship did not allow it to mention. Janet Achurch was forbidden to produce a little play by Octave Feuillet, about a lady with what we called a past, until she gave the Censor her word of honour to say every night on the stage, "I sinned but in intention," which she accordingly whispered to the conductor most faithfully always on her first entry. The Censorship still blunders over Pirandello's famous *Six Characters* as it did over Mrs. Warren's *Profession* and *Blanco Posnet*. But Mr. Noel Coward's heroines do not have to make matters worse by explaining that though they did not sin, they meant to. That will perhaps give a rough measure of what the theatre was thirty years ago, and what it is to-day.

MEMORIES OF THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW'

By A. A. B.

IN 1855 Mr. Alexander Beresford Hope founded the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, to quote from his letters, "as a paper not bound by any party, written by a combination of Peelite Conservatives and moderate Liberals, and to be the mouthpiece of the middle moderate opinions of thoughtful and educated society." We all know what that kind of thing means in journalism. The *SATURDAY REVIEW* was started to enable Mr. Beresford Hope, at that time a wealthy man, to air his views on High Church politics and architecture, and to ventilate his hatred of Disraeli, whom his brother Henry of The Deepdene loved. Mr. Hope found willing coadjutors in Lord Robert Cecil, his brother-in-law, John Morley, and Goldwin Smith, whose detestation of the Tory leader amounted to a passion. As, however, Henry Maine, FitzJames Stephen, and Vernon Harcourt were also contributors, it may be taken that the *REVIEW* was at that time a non-party independent paper. With such a staff, and with little or no competition, Mr. Hope's adventure continued for nearly thirty years to be a financial success. To write for it was a distinction, and its articles were talked about as those of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* used to be discussed in the clubs and in society. When Mr. Beresford Hope died in 1887, his son Philip had to sell the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, which his niece, Mrs. Law, describes as "the one really remunerative asset to which he had succeeded." The purchaser was, I believe, Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., who quickly resold it to Mr.

Frank Harris, who turned the paper into a limited company, with 30,000 Ordinary shares, with 2,000 Deferred shares which he retained for himself, as they carried the total voting power. I first met Frank Harris at Lady St. Helier's in '93 or '94, and captured his attention by quoting George Eliot's sentence that "you must either give people what they don't understand or what they are familiar with." Delighted with this cynicism, he invited me to become a contributor, which I continued to be off and on for more than thirty years. Frank Harris, as everybody knows, was a splendid journalist, and had written one or two brilliant novels and short stories. His words were golden, but his deeds were of baser metal. He was the very worst editor conceivable, from his unpunctuality and his habit of quarrelling with everybody. He immediately estranged some of the oldest patrons of the paper, such as the High Church party, and most of the publishers. At the beginning of the Boer War he sold the *REVIEW* to Lord Hardwicke (the last but one), who appointed Mr. Harold Hodge as his editor. Financially the company was reconstructed, Lord Hardwicke bringing in some of his powerful friends, such as the Duke of Fife, Lord Farquhar, and Lord Derby. Mr. Hodge was a zealous High Churchman, and strove to recapture some of the old supporters. But either High Churchism had gone out of fashion, or the link having been once broken could not be mended. When Lord Hardwicke died in 1904, his interest was bought by Sir Gervase Beckett, Mr. Hodge continuing editor until 1911, when he retired. He was certainly a most devoted editor, giving all his time to the task, writing much and well on political and industrial subjects. He secured as dramatic critics Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. J. L. Palmer; and as musical critic Mr. Runciman, perhaps one of the most effective writers on music that ever haunted Fleet Street. He collected round him such well-known writers on art and economics as Professors Selwyn Image, Hewins, and MacColl. If good writing could produce dividends, the *SATURDAY REVIEW* ought by this time to have been in a flourishing condition, which it was not.

On Mr. Hodge's retirement, Sir Gervase Beckett, the owner of a controlling interest, took the editorship himself, appointing Mr. G. A. B. Dewar as his assistant editor. Sir Gervase Beckett, as member of Parliament for a Yorkshire County division, and as one of the partners in the Leeds Bank, was a busy man, who was obliged to be a good deal out of town. When the war broke out, Sir Gervase accepted a military appointment which compelled his almost continuous attendance in Yorkshire. The consequence was that on Mr. Dewar devolved much of the writing and the greater part of the editorship. A dual control never succeeds, even when the two parties are phlegmatic and predisposed to like one another, which was not the case in this instance. An explosion occurred, and Sir Gervase invited me to accept the editorship in 1917. Shortly afterwards I bought out his interest, and occupied the only really independent position in journalism, that of an owner-editor. I was greatly helped by my assistant editor, Mr. Vernon Readall, who, barring the subject of politics, is the most accomplished, versatile, and widely-read man of letters that I have ever met. Music, metaphysics, sports of all kinds, botany, poetry, and *belles-lettres* were all at his fingers' ends; he was the perfect polymath.

The year 1917 was perhaps the gloomiest in the war, and certainly the least auspicious for weekly journalism. The public was in the last agony of Armageddon, and so worried by financial, as well as family troubles, that it was in no mood to spend sixpence on a high-brow weekly. I was occasionally harassed by the censor, who disliked the candour of my remarks upon our generals and politicians. Had my health continued I might have carried on until the

boomlet of 1921 improved matters all round. As it was, I had a serious illness in 1920, and in 1921 I sold my majority interest to Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, who resold it in 1924 to Mr. Pinckard. I wish its new proprietor and editor better luck than their predecessors. With youth at the helm and fashion at the prow, the barque ought to sail bravely ahead.

OROPESA

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

OUT of the immensity of the Castilian steppe, there rises, just on the confines of Estremadura and Toledo, an old, brown town crowned by a feudal castle with its crenellated walls. The town must have grown round the castle, as the Dukes of Frias and of Escalona, Counts of Oropesa and of Haro, settled their vassals for protection in the long feud with the neighbouring Counts of Maqueda, just such another little town crowned by a castle, now mouldering to decay.

Time has swallowed up their rivalry; but the Castilian plain has defied time and in the autumn still keeps the character given to it in ages past in the old saying, "Even a lark when it goes to Castile must take its food with it." Little is altered on the great plain on which the sun plays like a fire. When all the waving wheat fields are cut and threshed, it is converted into a European Sáhara. Dried thistles and the stalks of mullein desiccated in the fierce heat, alone stand up to break its surface, taking on strange, fantastic shapes and looming up like dead, gigantic trees, seen in the mirage of the noonday sun. Time has done nothing either to the long strings of hooded carts, each drawn by a line of horses or of mules, led by a donkey and accompanied by a fierce yellow dog. Stretching across the plains, they wend their way through heat and dust, like trains of camels in the desert, their drivers either asleep inside the carts, or seated on the youngest of the mules, with the strange pretext that its legs grow stronger if it carries weight upon its back.

Villages built of sun-dried bricks, rise here and there out of the plain, each with its church large enough for a considerable town. In the deserted streets, pigs stray, and at the doors, sheltering against the walls to seek the shade, stand donkeys and an occasional mule, fastened to iron rings or wooden hooks driven between the bricks. Silence, a silence compounded of isolation and of heat, for the very air shimmers and seems to flicker, broods over everything, and through the clouds of dust upon the roads, pass carts and still more carts, and donkeys with men sitting sideways on their backs. Now and again a solitary horseman rides past at the Castilian pace, perched high upon his Moorish saddle, his feet encased in shovel-shaped iron stirrups, the thick, white dust deadening his wiry little horse's foot-falls as effectually as if it had been snow.

Far off, the Sierra of the Gredos, its jagged outline cutting the sky at sunset into teeth, connects the Sierra de Guadarrama with that of Guadalupe and gives the plains a look of an evaporated sea, as desolate as those that seem to lie between the mountains in the moon. Dry rivers only marked by sheets of dazzling white stones where in the winter rages a torrent, only serve to make the landscape still more African. Upon their banks, despite the universal dryness, long lines of rushes still preserve their greenness, and an occasional white poplar stands up and like a palm tree challenges the sun. Small flocks of sheep crouch with their heads all close together, seeking shade from one another, and a few fierce, black bullocks find a precarious pasturage among the stubble of the wheat fields, guarded by men dressed in brown dusty clothes, their great black hats drawn down over the handkerchiefs with which

they bind their heads. They stand as motionless as the dried thistles, milestones upon the path of time, stretching back to the patriarchal ages, when their ancestors must have kept sheep and cattle on the self-same plains, dressed in the same brown rags and leaning on their leaved quarter staves, with their slings wrapped around their waists. Well did the Roman writer epitomize the land in the phrase, *Dura tellus Iberiæ*, dry, thirsty, and sun-scourged, just as it is to-day.

Only at sunset when the lights fading from a deep orange, by degrees turn violet and greenish grey upon the jagged peaks and granulated slopes of the Gredos, does an air of mystery creep over the vast expanse of plain, so clear and so material in the fierce light of day. Then the rare bushes take on fantastic shapes, making the traveller's horse snort and shy off from them, as if they really were the beasts of prey that they appear. When the brief twilight gives place to the inimitable sapphire of the Castilian night, and stars shine out like diamonds set in blue enamel, no sound but the faint tinkle of some mule's bell passing on the road disturbs the solitude. As night wears on, the shifting constellations mark the passing hours. Shepherds and mule drivers camp round their fires, as did the camel drivers in Yemen, when the Arabs first observed the stars and named them, Altair, Algór, Sohail, and Fomalhaut. The noonday fire gives place to piercing cold, and in the morning, when the sun rises, turns once again to heat.

These plains with their hard climate and scant vegetation, their fierce white atmosphere, that precludes all sense of mystery, have produced a race of men, hard, unimaginative but honourable and simple, capable of bearing all the extremes of heat and cold, and all the miseries of life, with equanimity. Their ancestors formed the famous Spanish infantry that followed Charles V, that emperor of light horsemen, and swept through Italy, like a devouring flame. They froze in Flanders, and across the seas, were the backbone of the scant legions of Pizarro and Cortés. The scarcity of water and the inherited sense of insecurity that had come down to them from the days when one village was inhabited by Christians and the next by Moors, who butchered one another for the love of God, imposed a mode of life upon them unique in Europe and most likely in the world. No snug farm houses, with their trees and granges, their loving cattle and their folded sheep at night, were ever seen on the Castilian plains.

Huddled in villages or in such little towns as Oropesa, the cultivators lived far from their fields. At daybreak seated on their donkeys, carrying their wooden ploughs upon their shoulders, they sallied forth to plough, to tend their scanty vines, or reap their corn. Their donkeys, hobbled, fed at the edges of the unfenced fields, picking up a thrifty livelihood. If they had oxen, they too were led out from the town. At noonday the cultivators ate a little bread and garlic, or a stew yellow with saffron, heated up in an earthen pipkin over a fire of thistle stalks and bones. During their noonday siesta, their patient oxen stood and ruminated, for luckily the angels did not often sweep down and goad them to their toil, what time their owner slumbered, as was the case with San Isidro Labrador, the patron of Madrid. Canonization cannot have often been attained on easier terms, although it surely might have been bestowed more equitably on the oxen than on their owner, sleeping in the shade.

Over the plain the town of Oropesa and its castle brood. Its winding ill-paved streets recall the Middle Ages or a town in Morocco or Algeria. In the great castle now turned to civic uses, the Counts of Oropesa long held sway. Theirs was the right of *Horca y cuchillo*, gallows and sword, that corresponded to the pit and gallows of the Scottish nobles of the past. The title formed one of the group of titles held by the Dukes of Frias, themselves as Counts of Haro having been created Grand Constables of Castile, upon the

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field of Nájera. One of the greatest of the families of Spain, the equals of the Osunas, Albas and Medina Celis in point of rank and of antiquity, the whole town speaks of them. Their arms are everywhere; on mouldering gateways and on low-browed houses over the castle drawbridge, and on the doorway of the great church built by Herrera the architect of the Escorial and now an empty shell in which the archives of the house of Frias are left a prey to rats.

Hundreds of boxes bulging with papers fill a chapel. Deeds from the time of Juan II and Enrique IV; the Catholic Kings, signed "I, the King" and "I, the Queen"; deeds telling of the siege of Breda; plans of the fortresses of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, letters from early Spanish navigators; from Popes and Cardinals; from the Emperor Charles V, Philip the Second, Don John of Austria, with Papal Bulls, Contracts of Marriage, Grants of Arms, and all the flotsam and the jetsam of a great feudal archive, whose owners have suffered by their incapacity to conform to the exigencies of a commercial age, lie scattered on the floor, or are stored in great loosely tied up packets, left carelessly on shelves. Books in all languages; rare first editions, mixed up with modern novels and with magazines, are piled up everywhere under the leaking roof, exposed to the fierce sun of summer and the winter rains that beat through windows destitute of glass. Books upon hunting, horsemanship and hawking, such as Lopez de Ayala's 'Aves de Caza,' and a first edition of Moreri's Dictionary, in twelve enormous tomes, lie cheek by jowl with first editions of Scott's novels, Byron's poems, and countless lives of Saints. Great choir books bound in leather stamped with the arms of the Dukes of Frias, their capital and initial letters finely illuminated, their pages set with miniatures of Kings and Emperors, lie heaped on one another, in enormous piles. The children of the town, in conscience and tender heart, tear pages out of them when they want little lanterns for a festival. Their mothers now and then pull out a page or two of the first book that comes to hand, to wrap up groceries, giving a modern reading of the adage, "All take their firewood from the fallen tree."

At the east end of the great Graeco-Roman church, behind the place where once stood the high altar, is an enormous picture by Juan Ricci. Our Lady, in the front plane, receives the homage of two noblemen with just that little touch of sweetness in her smile and air of femininity, that one generation in Castile had not quite banished from the Italian style. In contradiction to the Spanish taste, that even in Murillo's most sugary compositions holds no air of meretriciousness, but accentuates the peasant birth of our Lord's mother, Ricci portrays a lady with just that touch of good society about her virginhood that shows his origin and the date when he worked. Two or three personages who look too well attired for shepherds, stand, not in adoration, but with an air of being heavenly courtiers, who could at need turn a neat compliment. In its flamboyant frame of chestnut wood that time and damp, the sun that beats upon it almost directly, have scarcely harmed, the picture, finely painted as it is and worthy of a place in the Vatican when Alexander Borgia was Pope, yet seems a little out of place in the severe and stately aisle of the old Spanish church. Far better would a dark introspective saint by Zurbarán, or a grim martyrdom by José Ribera, with all the limbs of the poor victim twisted in agony, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, have fitted the air of desolation and neglect of the deserted fane. In the side altars, dusty and flyblown images of saints, sculptured in wood, and gilded, stand disconsolately, some of them still with rosaries hung round their necks by pious votaries before the church was given over to the owls and rats.

A picture of a Christ, bloody and realistic and realizing to the full the Spanish saying, "To a bad

Christ, much blood," has almost faded off the panel that time and damp have cracked. Heaps of birds' feathers lie beneath the dome, and from the organ loft some of the pipes have fallen into the nave, and serve for trumpets to the children in their games. Nothing of all the glory of the immense and stately church remains, except the air of melancholy grandeur that clings to everything in Spain, even though in decay. Pigeons and owls and bats are now the only congregation of the decaying church of the great family of Frias, once so famous in the history of Spain.

Their castle on its rocky eminence above the church, though used as a town hall and inhabited by the cacique of the district, still dominates the town that lies a maze of winding ill-paved streets, full of old houses, with low horseshoe entrances, iron balconies and coats of arms above the doors, all garnished with their hitching rings for mules. Castle and church and old brown mouldering town stand out so clearly, that they appear fantastic in the clear atmosphere. Far off across the plain, the Sierra de Gredos rears its serrated peaks, and as the evening sun turns them to pinnacles of jacinth, opal, amethyst and jade, that by degrees melt into a faint blue, they appear mountains in some planet long extinct, whose shadow just has reached the earth.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING

FROM SIR EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

SINCE this is the Seventieth Birthday of the SATURDAY REVIEW, it must have been in its eighteenth year when I first came into relations with it, for it was in the summer of 1873 that my good friend, W. R. S. Ralston, the amiable and eccentric Russian giant with the long red beard, induced the editor to let me contribute an article on Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt.' Ibsen was then quite unknown in England. That article was accepted, and printed, but never published, Philip Harwood explaining to Ralston that no one seemed to have ever heard of this Herr Ibsen, and that he was afraid of being taken in by a hoax. It was necessary, he said, in these licentious days to be excessively prudent. This was a poor beginning for me, and Harwood never became quite sure that Ibsen existed, but next spring he sent me a book to review, and was pleased; and I swam into the regular stream of contributors.

The prestige of the SATURDAY REVIEW was very high, half a century ago. Things were done in great style. The editorial office was an apartment in the Albany, furnished so as to look as little as possible like a place of business. A brougham was always in waiting, to take the editor and sub-editor whithersoever they would, to the publishers, to the printers, to the theatre, and (I suppose) home at night. Whether in the luxurious apartment, or lounging in the rich brougham, the editor remained invisible to the common eye.

It is easier to penetrate to Signor Mussolini or to M. Trotsky to-day than it was to reach Mr. Harwood in 1874. Common or garden contributors might not approach him. I myself, though regularly employed, never clapped eyes on him save once, by accident, as he flashed by in the brougham. It was understood that he never wrote anything himself, but read every line of the paper with rigorous severity. He gradually relaxed his energetic authority, and left more to my excellent friend, Mr. Walter Pollock, who succeeded him in 1883. When Mr. Pollock was installed, we were allowed to penetrate to the sanctum in the Albany, but I was never asked to take a ride in the brougham.

No newspaper has, in these fifty years, survived more vicissitudes than the SATURDAY REVIEW. A long

succession of accomplished and in some cases eminent editors have preserved its character. I rejoice to think that it was never more ably or intelligently conducted than it is at this moment, and I beg leave to congratulate it on having so vigorously arrived at its Seventieth Birthday.

A LETTER

FROM MAX BEERBOHM

MY dear Mr. Editor,—And so "The Saturday" is just about to be seventy years of age! Is that all? I had thought she was much older. To you, and to the other gifted young men whose work instructs and cheers and delights me week after week, seventy seems a great age, no doubt. Not so to me. How should I venerate that of which I myself am within measurable distance now? Are you sure that your reckoning is right? If it is, I must (and this appears impossible to me) have known "The Saturday" when she was younger than the youngest of you. Week after week, on the morning of the day whose name she bears, I used to see her lying in my father's room on a table that was called a Davenport. I stood on tip-toe to see her, but stood in no awe of her, for (not being able to read) I did not know who she was. I did not know that she was the wondrous creature of whom I heard my elders speak so often with bated breath. Later I learned that Ben Cox had a box, and that Mary was wary, she would not marry Harry; and then, strong in my literacy, I used sometimes to read a little of "The Saturday." A very little. "The Saturday" seemed to me dull. And dull, I believe, she was—or would so be judged according to modern standards. I gather that I had standards in advance of my time. I revered "The Saturday" (mainly on account of what I took to be her great age), but loved her not at all. And could I have known that I was destined to write for her soon after I was grown up, and to go on writing for her during twelve whole years, I should have lost even my reverence, I suppose.

That is the worst of natural modesty. It is so apt to lower one's opinion of others. As soon as I became connected with "The Saturday," my opinion of her sank. True, she had some time ago shaken off her dulness. But now she had taken on me. That was a great sign, to me, of weakness in her. Nor did her indisputable brightness endear her to me. Indeed, I hated her for it. For I had to try to live up to it—week after brief week, year after long year. The strain was horrible. And I write this letter not so much to congratulate you on the perennial great bright goodness of "The Saturday" as to congratulate myself (and you too, incidentally, of course) on my not being a member of your brilliant Staff.

Every adult person has some recurrent nightmare. One person dreams of having to walk a narrow plank across an abyss; another, of being pursued across country by hounds in full cry; another, of being talked disagreeably to in a cellar by somebody whom he can't see. My own recurrent nightmare is that I have to write a dramatic criticism for "The Saturday." . . . And I am not Mr. Ivor Brown. (That would be a delightful dream.) I am just my own self of years ago. And I have put my article off to the last possible moment. And I don't seem to have seen the play that I've got to criticize—or don't seem to remember its title or what it was about. And time presses, and courage fails, and thought fails. Shall I wire to the Office that I have fallen ill? That would be untrue, and not believed, and a great inconvenience to the Office at this hideous last moment, and—and—I wake here in Italy, and little by little a beatific smile o'erspreads the racked countenance of the whilom critic.

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VIEWERS AND PRESENT—By 'Quiz'



George Bernard Shaw. Arthur Symonds. Sir W. Harcourt. Charles Kingsley. E. A. Freeman. J. A. Froude.
 Harold Hodge. Frank Harris. Maurice Hewlett. John Morley. H. D. Traill. Sir Henry Maine.
 Max Beerbohm. Mrs. Lynn Linton. W. H. Pollock. Walter Bagehot. Lord Salisbury.

I am sure that no such horror will ever trouble the sleep of Mr. Ivor Brown. Great gusto is evident in his work. It is said that "The Saturday" has in recent times had but one dramatic critic unhappy at his post—and this one myself. To G. B. S. every weekly article was a solemn public duty, to be performed in wild high-spirits; to John Palmer, a happy excursion which it was right to make; to James Agate, a rapturous excursion which he was in duty bound to make; and Mr. Ivor Brown is thoroughly in the tradition of these men. Could I but have been endowed with a natural love of the theatre! I did manage, thank Heaven, to become interested in it—to be annoyed by its lapses, glad of its successes, worried about its prospects; but never was I annoyed so deeply, or so radiantly glad, or so very much worried, as to revel in my job. At first I thought that at any rate I should acquire by weekly practice a slick professional facility in the art of writing. Nothing of the sort happened. To the last I was as great a duffer and fumbler as I had been at the first—a pathetic figure, pen in hand and heart in mouth. Because I was so aware of the terrors amid which I had achieved it, perhaps my weekly article always seemed to me less passable than actually it was. How I dreaded the single knock of the printers' messenger who brought, every Thursday night, the blue envelope containing the proof! Saturday morning was a bad time, too. I wanted to know the worst at once, but how I dallied! And if in the course of the day I met some friend who told me he had enjoyed my article, how deeply, deeply grateful I was to him! And with what blest confidence would I read that article when I went home!

But it was seldom that a friend did me that good turn. There had been an article by me last week, there would be another next week—and the week after. Such facts are not conducive to the paying of compliments. The weather is a better topic: it is always changing. If anybody wrote me a letter about my latest article, it was hardly ever to say, "I do most heartily agree with what you say about A's work. You have said exactly what I have always felt but could not have expressed. You have said a thing that *needed saying*, and my wife wishes to join with me in thanking you for laying us—and when I say 'us' I mean the whole community—under an obligation which can never be repaid." Nearly always the letter was thus: "I am surprised at reading what you say about A's work. I should have thought the most rudimentary sense of," etc., etc., with an implied demand that I should engage in a long hot controversy by post—and as though I weren't sick of the subject and weren't vaguely inclined now to believe that I must have been in the wrong.

Querulous memories, these? I think you might more justly describe them as dismal but joyous. "Remembering happier things" is notoriously a morbid pastime. What I have indulged in is just a wholesome luxury. Don't grudge it me. Your rejoinder is that a description of my positive joys in life would be more to your purpose and your pleasure than all this insistence on the joy of having ceased to be a dramatic critic? Well, one of my positive joys nowadays is in going to theatres whenever I revisit London. The brilliancy of whatever play I happen to see is rivalled for me only by that of its interpreters (even if, by reason of the modern method one can't hear what they are saying) and of its auditors (even though the cheeks of these are all busily a-bulge with chocolates). For I haven't got to write one word about my evening. . . . But this is the negative tack again, after all, and I fear you will have utterly lost patience with your constant and grateful reader and good-wisher,

Rapallo

MAX BEERBOHM

1855-1925

A MESSAGE FROM HIS MAJESTY

Buckingham Palace

I am commanded to convey to the Editor and Staff of the SATURDAY REVIEW the thanks of the King for the message of loyalty and devotion to the Throne which they have communicated on the Seventieth Anniversary of the publication of the paper. His Majesty is interested to hear of this important event in the life of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and sends his best wishes for the continuance of its good and useful work.

STAMFORDHAM

SOME LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION

FROM THE PRIME MINISTER

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I should not like the Seventieth Anniversary of the SATURDAY REVIEW to pass by without sending my congratulations to it on what it has achieved in the past and my confident and best wishes for its future. In its political writings the SATURDAY REVIEW has consistently upheld the best Conservative tradition; and, while its record during the past seventy years is justly a subject for gratification to-day, I do not doubt that the further passage of time will leave its vigour unimpaired and will find it maintaining the high position in British journalism which it now occupies.

STANLEY BALDWIN

FROM THE LORD CHANCELLOR

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I very cordially congratulate the SATURDAY REVIEW on attaining its Seventieth Anniversary. Born in the same year as myself, it embodied, when I was young, both the vigour of youth and its readiness to criticize others; and now, at 70, it has put on the wisdom and the thoughtfulness of maturity. But throughout the years it has worthily upheld the best traditions in politics and in literary criticism. May it prosper for at least another seventy years!

CAVE

FROM THE EARL OF BALFOUR,
K.G., F.R.S., O.M.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

The Seventieth Anniversary of the SATURDAY REVIEW must be of importance to all who take an interest in the history of British journalism. In my own case it has personal as well as public associations, for it was founded by my uncle, Mr. Beresford Hope, the late Lord Salisbury contributed frequently to its columns, and I knew your distinguished predecessor its first editor. For more than two generations it has played an important part in the worlds of literature and politics, and I wish it every success in the generations to come.

BALFOUR

FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR
FOREIGN AFFAIRS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

My congratulations to the SATURDAY REVIEW on its Seventieth Birthday. Long may it flourish!

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

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Letters and Messages of Congratulation—continued.

FROM THE CHANCELLOR OF THE
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To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I send the SATURDAY REVIEW my heartiest congratulations on its Seventieth Anniversary. The numeral is in itself a testimony to the importance of the paper as a factor in our public life; and its consistently-maintained tradition of fair play gives it a special value in these days. I wish it long life and growing influence.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I am glad to send my congratulations to the SATURDAY REVIEW on attaining its Seventieth Birthday. The seventy years of its existence have been years of all-round development unequalled in our history—not only in respect of increase of population and economic expansion, but as regards distribution of political power, the establishment of a national system of education, the birth of new ideas in art, in music, in the relation of the State to the individual. In the consideration of these varied and difficult questions the SATURDAY REVIEW has played a leading part, and I hope it may long continue to give its readers the benefit of accurate information, fair discussion and a balanced judgment.

KATHARINE ATHOLL

FROM THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

On the occasion of the celebration of its Seventieth Anniversary I desire to offer congratulations to the SATURDAY REVIEW and to wish it continued success. To the work of finding satisfactory solutions to the problems affecting the Empire which is taxing the knowledge, judgment and resource of statesmanship in the Mother Country and in every part of his Majesty's Dominions, the SATURDAY REVIEW has made, and will, I am sure, continue to make important contributions.

S. M. BRUCE

FROM MR. THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I am sorry to be unable to send a special contribution to the number of the REVIEW marking its arrival at the Psalmic age of three-score and ten, but I may say that I am probably among its earliest readers still living, as I began to buy it when it was less than two years old.

THOMAS HARDY

FROM MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I salute the SATURDAY REVIEW on its Seventieth Anniversary, and wish it many more years of activity, political, artistic and literary, in accordance with its distinguished tradition.

AUGUSTUS JOHN

FROM MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I wish the SATURDAY REVIEW many happy returns of the day, and all good fortune.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

FROM MR. J. C. SQUIRE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

Heartiest congratulations—and on the present vigorous health of the SATURDAY. It was always con-

spicuous for its attachment to good literature, and it has never been better than it is at this moment.

J. C. SQUIRE

FROM MR. SYDNEY BROOKS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

As a former though ephemeral Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, I am naturally interested in its Seventieth Birthday. But it is not on that account alone that I tender to it my heartiest greetings and congratulations. All who value in journalism independence of spirit and ripeness of judgment in conjunction with positive policies and an unmistakable attitude of mind must be glad that the SATURDAY has survived so long and in such vigour, and must wish for it a future not less fruitful and distinctive than its past. May I add that this wish is fortified and confidence in its fulfilment is strengthened by a perusal of the journal as it is to-day?

SYDNEY BROOKS

FROM MR. D. S. MACCOLL

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I am sorry that I have not been able to join in the rally of old contributors for the Anniversary Number, but I wish you all success in your efforts to make the future of the REVIEW worthy of its past.

D. S. MACCOLL

FROM MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I should like to wish good luck to the paper which, from nearly fifty to full thirty years ago, gave me such profitable and pleasurable occupation. And I hope it will see, though I never shall, its centenary.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

FROM THE HON. SIR GERVASE BECKETT,
BART., M.P.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

While warmly wishing continued prosperity and success to the REVIEW, I am afraid that I have not at the moment any time to do more than to send you this expression of my hearty goodwill.

GERVASE BECKETT

FROM MR. GEORGE A. B. DEWAR

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

The appearance of the SATURDAY REVIEW on a book-stall to-day should be nothing if not helpful to the course of civilization and decency; because it appears to be one of the extremely rare publications which never stoop to the abominable and uncivilized "stunts" and sensationalism of printed matter, weekly and daily, at the present time.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR

FROM MR. E. V. LUCAS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

I like to think that so long as I have been in the world there has been a SATURDAY REVIEW, and I should hate to die before it did.

E. V. LUCAS

FROM MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

Heartiest congratulations to the SATURDAY REVIEW. May its sincere criticism long continue to stimulate the art and politics of this country.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

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SOME S.R. MEMORIES

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK

THE present Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW has graciously asked me for a few reminiscences of the paper when and before I occupied the place which is now his, and naturally I comply with his wish as best I can. I cannot give dates as, unluckily, the documents containing them were lost a considerable time ago. However, my memory for people and events is still fresh, and I will do what I can.

When I resolved to become, if that might be, a regular contributor to the paper, I had the best of support from Mr. G. S. Venables, a man of mark alike in his own special branch of the law, in social and in literary circles. He was by many people taken to be the original of Warrington in Thackeray's 'Pendennis.' Personally I do not think that the likeness went much beyond the literary style of Mr. Venables and of that ascribed to Warrington by Thackeray. 'Pendennis,' in chapter xxxi of the novel, read one or two of Warrington's articles and "had no difficulty in recognizing the style afterwards—the strong thoughts and curt periods, the sense, and the scholarship." This applies closely enough to the style of Mr. Venables in his literary work, but he in conversation, where he always shone, and in manner was markedly polished, a description which would hardly fit Warrington.

Venables was the chief leader-writer throughout the days of Douglas Cook (man of mark and mystery), first Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, throughout those of Mr. Philip Harwood, who was assistant editor to Cook and succeeded him, and nearly throughout the time when, in like manner, I succeeded Harwood. Harwood was a man who loved domestic peace and quiet before all things else, and found them, with his wife and daughter, in a house just in, or just off, Regent's Park. The daughter wrote plays in verse, which she signed "Ross Neil," and one of these 'Elfinella,' was successfully produced by Charles Warner at, I think, the Princess's Theatre.

To return to the SATURDAY REVIEW, I have always believed, though I cannot now recall any special circumstances in which I acquired the information, that the idea "cropped up" in talk between Beresford Hope and Cook, and that some expert in newspaper affairs was called in to give practical help in its development.

However that may be, the first number of the SATURDAY REVIEW appeared on November 3, 1855. The first "leader" dealt with the Crimean War, the first "middle" with 'The Completion of the Palace of Westminster,' and the first review with 'An Historical Sketch of the Crimea,' by Anthony Grant, D.C.L., Archdeacon of St. Albans, etc. And in none of the articles is there any air of "out-of-dateness" except in their subjects. Cook lived in chambers at G.1 The Albany, and found it convenient to do his editorial work there. The custom had a great many recommendations also for several members of his staff, and for that reason and others it was kept up through his successor's time, and through the greater part of my time.

I must not omit some notice of one very important personage at G.1 The Albany. This was Wilson, generally mentioned as Mr. Wilson. He had been Cook's personal attendant, and he remained at the Albany throughout Harwood's time, and through my own time until, attacked by a serious illness, he went to the house of a near relation, where he "made a good end." He had a wide knowledge of men and things, and could turn his hand to almost anything that "turned up." He had travelled much, had a rather military appearance, and always had the air of being ready for anything from an earthquake to a Sunday school meeting. Nothing surprised or dis-

mayed him for a moment. And I well remember how when four or five of us were gathered together, and one of us asked "Who is the real Editor of the SATURDAY?" all the others replied with one accord "Wilson."

It was in Cook's time that an annual dinner to the staff of the SATURDAY REVIEW, with the proprietor as host, was first started. The dinner was given at the best Greenwich Hotel at a time when whitebait was "in." The first dinners must have been of a very pleasant type—convivial meetings of a group, not too large, of men alike in their taste and equipment for matters political, literary and social.

So, one supposes, things went on until the S.R. had grown so much in success, in size, and in the number of its contributors that the Greenwich dinner was, to all seeming, like enough to any banquet given to celebrate some special occasion in the career of some big firm in the city. Places were necessarily allocated more or less at hazard, except those marked for the "big-wigs" who sat together at the top, and there was a kind of interest in discovering who and what one's neighbours might be. Naturally, however, it was, as in time I discovered, better to be in one of the places of honour. And here I may take leave to say that no Editor could wish for a more kindly, considerate, wise proprietor than was the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope. He was succeeded after his decease by his two sons, of whom Philip, the elder, became the proprietor while Charles undertook the management. In conclave with me they agreed to abolish the overgrown dinner and to substitute a small dinner to the immediate staff. As I write a coincidence reminds me specially of two members of that staff, Professor Palmer, whose treacherous murder by the Arabs whom he trusted is part of history, and Sir George Forrest who, distinguished by much good service to the State and to literature, is the son of that Captain Forrest who, in the Indian Mutiny, gave up his life in blowing in the gate of Delhi. These two and I, with Critchett of Caius, now the famed and beloved Sir Anderson Critchett, Bart., brought out a little paper called *Momus*, and not wholly unworthy of its name, or of the cover designed by Matt Morgan.

I must not conclude these brief reminiscences without a heartfelt tribute of thanks to Professor Saintsbury, who was my truly invaluable colleague from the day of Harwood's retirement down to that when I myself retired. And at the same time I must warmly congratulate the SATURDAY REVIEW and its readers upon the welcome fact that it is now under such excellent command as that of its present Editor. And so, on a pleasant note, I end these few memories.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
AND ART

[We reproduce below the Prospectus which was printed in the first issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, on November 3, 1855. It will be observed that the aims of the paper as here set forth do not differ in any material respect from those of the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day.—ED. S.R.]

THE Prospectus of a New Periodical is usually, for most practical purposes, superfluous; for although it may appear less than respectful to the public, in those who ask its confidence, to make no professions at all, it is certain that a literary experiment can better describe itself by its performances than by its promises. The character of a Review or of a Newspaper is developed rather by its working than by any formal announcement of the anticipations or even the plans of its projectors. All, therefore,

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